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Saturday Review

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Report from the Congo

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THE MAGNETIC FAMILY

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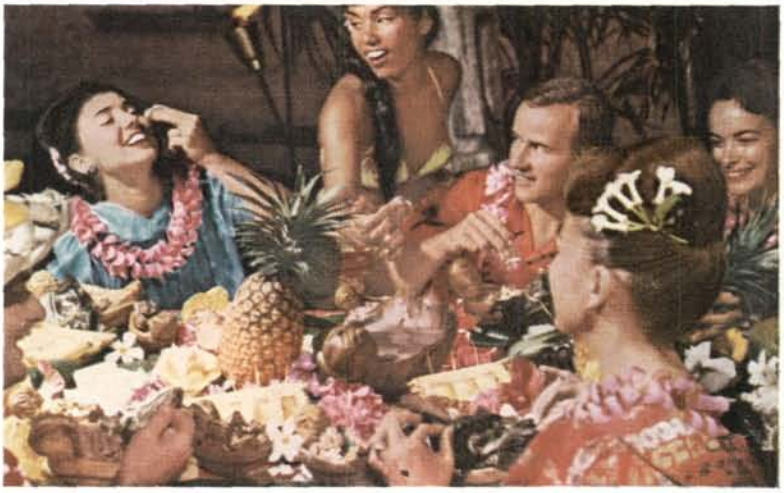
We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of Hawaii

I never tire of taking pictures in Hawaii. Lovely Hanalei Bay on Kauai Island is one of many *you'll* want.

One of the most delightful things about Hawaii is the sincere friendliness of its people. Come soon and share their lovely land . . . just 4½ hours by jet from the Pacific Coast ($266 round trip) or a 4½-day luxury liner cruise ($380 round trip). Currency and language, pure U. S. A. No passports, visas or "shots" required. Many fine new hotels . . . no waiting for rooms. Plan to see all the Islands: Kauai, Oahu, Maui and Hawaii. Climate's mild . . . travel light. All things considered . . . isn't this *your* year to visit Hawaii?

My background is Oriental, but our tradition-steeped culture is only part of Hawaii's rich heritage.

I'll guide you through Maui's newly dedicated Haleakala National Park, a vast, ancient crater where the exotic Silversword grows.



In Hawaii, we call newcomers *"malihinis"* . . . a friendly Hawaiian term for new arrivals. And how the *malihinis* love our *luaus* . . . true royal feasts . . . with music and laughter as accompaniment.

Want to hook a giant Swordfish? We have plenty, off Hawaii's Kona Coast. They call this the playground of Hawaii's kings, and there's no place like it for the easy life!

As director of Honolulu's Academy of Arts, I'll show you one of the world's great collections of Oriental art and works of many of the masters.

See Your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or Write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept. K, Honolulu, Hawaii • Offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles

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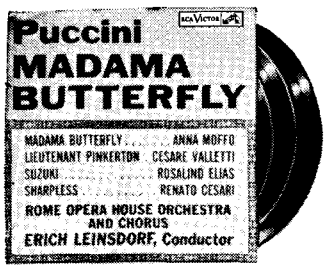

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779. FIDELIO—Beethoven. The only opera ever written by the immortal Beethoven. Rose Bampton, Jan Peerce, Eleanor Steber. Arturo Toscanini, conductor. 2-record album. (Mono only.)

780. MANON LESCAUT—Puccini. The tragic romance of a pleasure-loving beauty of Paris. Brilliantly sung by Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, Robert Merrill. Jonel Perlea, conductor. 3-record album. (Mono only.)

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Music to see by

All in this century, music reproduced in the home has evolved from shrill wax cylinders to visible concerts and operas. Your television set is a season ticket to such notable events (in February) as Joan Sutherland in the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in Japan, Montemezzi's opera, *The Love of Three Kings*, Louis Armstrong and Roberta Peters—among others listed at the right.

Television today is a nation's center of the performing arts, presenting celebrated talents in the theatre—in vocal, symphonic, ballet, and popular music. Keep time to look and listen, and tune to your taste.

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February... Some Television Programs of Special Interest

The Weavers of Song
Joan Sutherland in "Mad Scene" from *Lucia.*
Friday, February 2 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Footnote to Fame
Drama: Lee J. Cobb and Burgess Meredith.
Saturday, February 3 (10-11 PM)

***Stan Freberg Presents:* Chinese New Year's Eve**
Sunday, February 4 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Arsenic and Old Lace
Boris Karloff and Dorothy Stickney.
Monday, February 5 (9:30-11 PM)

Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic in Japan
Tuesday, February 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Henry Fonda and the Family
Comedy portrait of the American family.
Tuesday, February 6 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Jail
Science fiction fantasy by Ray Bradbury.
Tuesday, February 6 (10-11 PM)

The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe
Julie Andrews, Richard Burton, Maurice Chevalier, Stanley Holloway.
Sunday, February 11 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Sea Dragon . . . under the Ice
Underwater conquest of Northwest Passage.
Monday, February 12 (7-7:30 PM)

Howard K. Smith
New series of weekly news analyses.
Begins Wednesday, February 14 (7:30-8 PM)

A Tour of the White House with Mrs. Kennedy
Wednesday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

Winter Carnival at Sun Valley
Louis Armstrong and Roberta Peters.
Friday, February 23 (10-11 PM)

The Love of Three Kings (In English)
Opera with Phyllis Curtin and Giorgio Tozzi.
Sunday, February 25 (3-5 PM)

Judy Garland Show
With Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin.
Sunday, February 25 (9-10 PM)

White Paper: Red China
Sunday, February 25 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM Probability and Statistics American Government COLLEGE OF THE AIR The New Biology
Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	ACCENT ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE WASHINGTON CONVERSATION MEET THE PROFESSOR DIRECTIONS '62 ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS 1, 2, 3—GO! WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 3, 1962

Cover design by Pageant Studio

SR/IDEAS

12 Report from the Congo, by Norman Cousins
24 Dialogue in Johannesburg: An Editorial

SR/SCIENCE

39 The Magnetic Family

SR/DEPARTMENTS

8 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller
11 First of the Month, by Cleveland Amory
19 Literary I.Q.
25 Letters to the Editor
26 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes
28 Booked for Travel, by Horace Sutton
36 Literary Crypt
49 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin
53 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1453

SR/BOOKS

17 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Francis Parkman," by Howard Doughty
18 The Algerian Problem, by Edward Behr
20 The Fox in the Attic, by Richard Hughes
21 The Prodigal Rake, edited by Peter Quennell
22 The Light of Other Days, by Rexford Tugwell
23 Religious Experience and Truth, edited by Sidney Hook
36 The American Myth and the European Mind, by Sigmund Skard
37 The Centurions, by Jean Lartéguy. The Master of Geneva, by Gladys H. Barr

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Sitting pretty in the Pink City

This is the way to see Jaipur—from a golden howdah atop a painted elephant.

From New York, you can take a jet to Delhi, an air-conditioned train or chauffeur-driven car to Jaipur, but once in Jaipur, choose a maharajah's palace for your hotel, and an elephant to see the sights. Just as his ancestors have borne Rajput princes, so will "Hathi" take you up the winding hillside road to Fort Amber.

You will literally see the world below through rose-colored glasses. For all Jaipur is sculptured from soft pink sandstone. Visitors affectionately call it the Pink City. Architects call it the most beautiful city in the world. Its people will recount to you romantic tales of chivalry of the proud Rajputs who chose to die in defense of their honor.

When you can bring yourself to leave Jaipur, fly south to Udaipur with its floating palaces, to Mount Abu with its marble temples, south to cosmopolitan Bombay.

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A letter from a blind student

(Michigan State University)

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During its eleven years of expansion, RFB has depended upon the contributions of many individuals and a few Foundations. But we have only a very small endowment fund, and we must now seek to strengthen our financial resources for the future. This is perhaps our greatest need.

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We have prepared a leaflet on the various types of gifts and bequests and their tax advantages. If you would like a copy, please fill out the form below and mail to us.

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Please send me your leaflet explaining how I can make a tax-deductible gift or bequest on behalf of your educational program for the blind.

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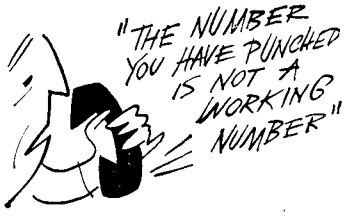
TRADE Winds

JANE EAGER, of New York City, writes to advise us that the Yellow Pages of the Manhattan telephone directory carry a listing called "Drawback Specialists."

HENRY DREYFUSS, the industrial designer, has collaborated with Bell Labs to devise a gadget that will keep drawback specialists or anyone else from ever dialing the wrong number. It's a plastic card, about the size of a playing



card, and it looks like a miniature punch board. After poking out various holes to represent any desired number, you drop the card in a slot of a specially designed telephone. Your number is automatically dialed for you, and the card filed for future use. With all the colorful place-names fast vanishing from phone numbers, it looks as if practically all the fun will soon have disappeared from using a phone.

JAMES CHURCHYARD, of Tucson, Arizona, has been inspired to write us about our recent comments on the amazing number of words beginning with the letters *sn* that are related to the nose and mouth (sneeze, snore, sneer, etc.). He points out two other groups of words in which meaning and initial sounds are linked.

The letters *fl* seem to have a tendency to connote lightness or graceful movement: float, fluid, fly, fluffy, flit, flight, flee, flimsy, and so forth. What's more, he notes that words beginning in *sp* indicate a "forceful, outward movement": splash, spit, sputter, spume, spray, spurt, etc. Mr. Churchyard suggests that if enough of these sounds had inherent meanings, we might well be on our way toward subconscious universal language.

PAUL SCHLUETER, of the Department of Language and Literature at Minnesota's State College in Moorhead, Minnesota, joins in the same chorus. He points out that John B. Lord's book "Experiments in Diction, Rhetoric, and Style" (Rinehart, 1955) demonstrates that words beginning in *wr* seem to involve twisting, and of course, in these days, could easily apply to the dance of the same name: wrangle, wrinkle, wrestle, wrench, wrest, wriggle, wreathe, wring.

The same book indicates that words beginning in *b* often are associated with the feeling of roundness, or an extension of something round: belly, billow, ball, bulk, bulge, boil, bubble, to name a few.

GLADYS CUTLER, of Detroit, is another victim of the search for sounds. She writes that she has been kept awake nights thinking about the way words beginning with *b* strike her. Her theory is that they relate mainly to babies: birth, bottle, burp, bib, bonnet, bootee, bassinet, blanket, bunting, buggy, bawl, and bye-bye.

EDWIN GOODWIN, of Darien, Connecticut, advises us that he associates words beginning with the letters *sq* with a crushing action: squirt, squash, squeeze, squint, squelch.

Any other associations?

GERARD NEYROUD, of Hollywood, Maryland, also responds to a recent TRADE WINDS item. He feels that the chewing

gum for angry people (Vehemint) suggested recently by John Derr could be supplemented by another chewing gum for people who don't like chewing gum. It would be called Eschewing Gum.

He also offers a limerick for the literary minded, in the wake of the recent rash of limericks quoted in this department:

Said a saucy young skunk to a gnu,
"You are quite odoriferous; phew!"
Said the gnu to the skunk:
"If I stank like you stunk
"I'd hate to be me, were I you."

PHILIP ARMSTRONG, M.D., of Syracuse, and Faith Fastabend of Nampa, Idaho, have varying views on our recent concern about the distortions of human anatomy found in TV commercials. Dr. Armstrong, a professor who is chair-

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Issued anonymously in 1880, its circulation up to now has been relegated to the realm of "forbidden books," although its wit and brilliance have long been acclaimed by those scholars fortunate enough to lay their hands on bootleg copies.

"1601" is a bawdy exercise in scholarship, illuminated by a keen sense of character. It is an important and valuable piece of literature that, in the years to come, may rank among the greatest of Mark Twain's works.

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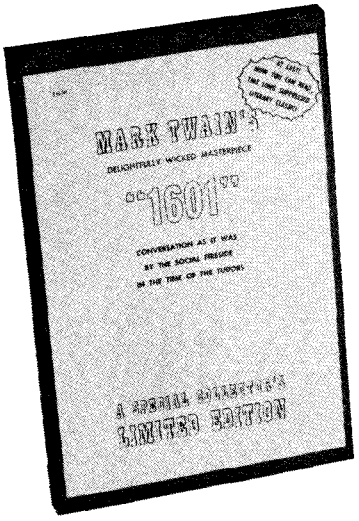
*Prof. Edward Wagenknecht, *Mark Twain "The Man and His Work"*, Yale University Press



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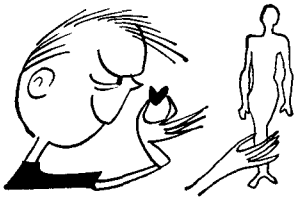
Y A L E

Yale University Press, New Haven and London

man of the Department of Anatomy at the upstate New York Medical Center, writes: "What we really find in the sinuses of the face are small marbles, sinoliths (made in China) which roll around when you move your head. Some drugs lubricate the surfaces of the sinuses, thus reducing friction and pain. . . . I will be happy to comment on other TV ads but not if I will be required to view them first."

Mrs. Fastabend is not worried about the TV distortions. She feels that they have all been brilliantly neutralized by the twelve-inch plastic "Visible Man" replicas, inside of which are all the organs in miniature form and lifelike color.

"These clever little organs," she writes, "can be lifted from their natural



resting place, examined minutely by the sweet little children, then replaced, ad nauseum, much as we used to pore over the pictures of the corset ads in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue or the scarce illustrations in the family doctor book. . . . Really, Mr. Fuller, today's children are wiser than you've ever dreamed!"

DON QUINN, the television writer-producer, is not too concerned with anatomy right now, but he is concerned, along with Phil Leslie (writer of the "Dennis the Menace" show), about horrible puns. They dredged up one which Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan thought topped them all: It seems that a certain East Indian potentate couldn't handle the giant herds of wild elephants which attacked his palace, so he cleared out as fast as he could, leaving a sign: REIGN CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF GAME. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1452)

THE SUN:
EDITORIAL—THURBER

(From Baltimore Sunpapers; suggested by Adelaide Dillehunt)

James Thurber once said in a preface that writers of light pieces are but transients: In the house of life, they have never taken off their overcoats. But we are all transients, and in our generation we had no finer companion as we passed through than Thurber was.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

SOCIALLY speaking, the story of the month was right on the new front tier—in fact practically on the steps of the Capitol—where Society with a capital "S" reared its ugly headline. And, as the resignations from Washington's so-called intellectual club lengthened, one thing was certain. The days of Washington lip-service liberals were, where clubs were concerned, over. With President Kennedy and his boys there would be club dinner toasts to democracy—drunk in a Dixie cup.

• • •

Governor Rockefeller did not resign from the Cosmos Club but instead promised to bore from within. As for ourselves, boring from without, on a vacation on the island of Jamaica, we managed to overhear the month's most fascinating Rockefeller conversation. "Well," said one lady, "one thing *nobody's* mentioned about him. He's *certain* to get the divorce vote. And remember, nowadays, that's *one* in every *four.*" At first we thought this might have ended it, but another lady went even further. "And just *think,*" she said, "of all the *other* people who *know* people who've been divorced."

• • •

At the clubby resort of Tryall—golf clubby that is—we played golf with Billy Graham and, playing carry-overs, lost five holes when a shot he topped bounced twice on a narrow bridge across a ravine and ended up on the green. "It seems," we protested gently, "that in this particular round we're up against something more than we've ever been up against before." Billy didn't agree. "That's funny," he told us, tapping in his putt. "I just played with President Kennedy and he complained too. But I told him not to worry. The only place my prayers are *never* answered is the White House." The latter resort came from Round Hill's chieftess of staff, Miss Leslie "Stocky" Stockhausen. It happened when Henry Ford II was introduced at a dinner party to Edwina Mountbatten. "What," he began in jovial American automotive fashion, "do I call you—Lady or Countess or what?" Edwina smiled Britishly. "I'll tell you what to do," she said. "You call me 'Edwina' and I'll call you 'you.'"

• • •

On the Fashion Front—and front it seldom is—the big news was not only the appearance of the Ten Best Dressed List, but the appearance of one Undressed—in other words, the appearance, in *Harper's Bazaar,* of the nude torso of twenty-two-year-old "Contessa" Christina Paolozzi. On the *Today* Show we asked Christina what you needed to be a model nowadays. "A title," she replied. We also asked her what she wanted to be when she grew up. "A housewife," she said. In any case, following the appearance of the picture, Christina's mother, the former Alice Spaulding of Boston, descended on the office of photographer Richard Avedon—and promptly slapped him. "I told him twice to take his glasses off," she told us, "and when he wouldn't I slapped him anyway." Afterwards we questioned Avedon. "In this business," he told us, "you have to expect anything, but I'll tell you one thing — all the models now are hammering down the doors to be photographed the same way."

• • •

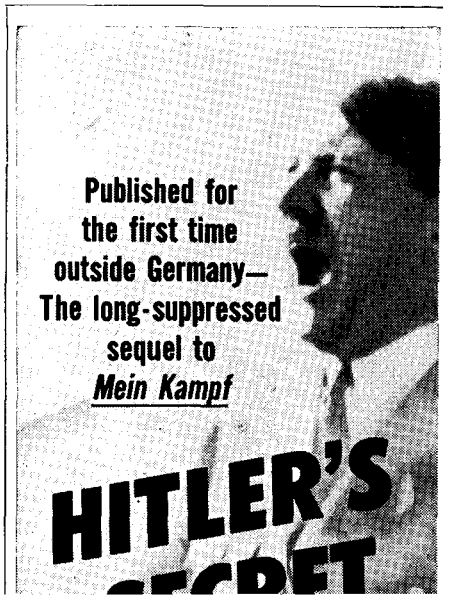
On the book front the Oxford Press's "Season's Greetings" took the form of an essay entitled "The Scholar in America,' by Samuel Eliot Morison. "In this country," Morison wrote, "Alice Hamilton is known to perhaps one person in ten thousand, Elizabeth Taylor to all but one in the same number. Somehow we suspect that every scholar gotten so cheap. The new talent just isn't there to take their place. Hollywood took a whole generation of talent and destroyed it—and then TV finished the job."

• • •

Somehow the phony theatre ad of producer David Merrick—wherein he located people out of the phone book with the same names as the Broadway critics and then had them comment favorably on "Subways Are for Sleeping"—seemed to fit Mr. Gordon's theory to a T. And, although we liked the counter-anti-ad of *Variety*—they found in *their* phone book a *real* David Merrick, who of course had *his* opinion—there was still the danger that the whole thing would go full cycle and that, in the end, "Subways" might turn out to be such a popular failure it would be a hit.

• • •

One talent which, despite Mr. Gordon, TV did not harm—but Hollywood sadly finished—was Ernie Kovacs. On the day of his funeral he was, ironically, perhaps best summed up by a New York agent. "Even in *Hollywood,*" he said in awed tones, "*everybody* loved him."



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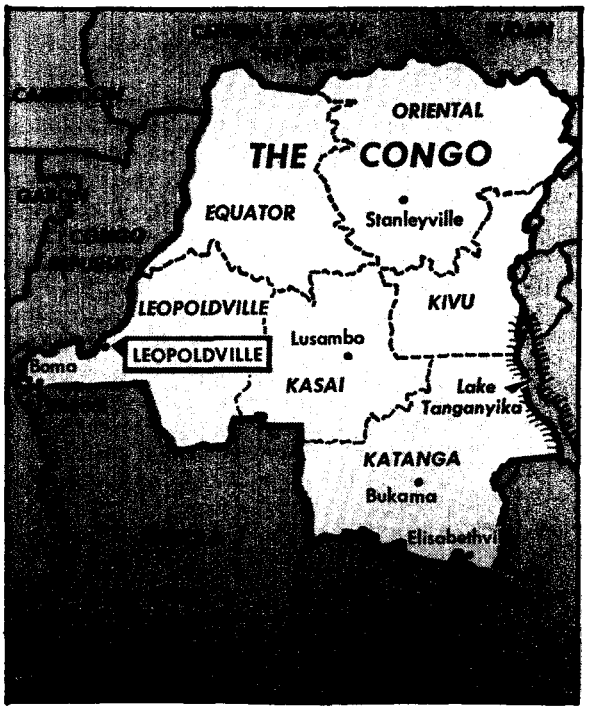
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 3, 1962



—*Wide World*

Report from the Congo

By NORMAN COUSINS

AFTER I cleared customs at the Leopoldville airport, I asked an official where I could convert American money into Congo currency.

"Come with me," he said. "I'll take you to a money-changer who will give you twice the official rate."

"Isn't it illegal?" I asked.

"Don't worry about it," he replied. "It's much more illegal in the city. There they give you four times the official rate."

On the way into Leopoldville, I asked the Congo driver what conditions were like in the city.

"Who knows?" he shrugged. "I haven't been there since this morning."

I remarked that things appeared to be fairly quiet.

"Monsieur," he said, "it's the kind of quiet that comes from having people leave a place of trouble. The white ladies and gentlemen, many of them, they have gone away."

As we drove into the heart of Leopoldville I could compare it with recollections of a previous visit in 1957. At that time Leopoldville was one of the most impressive and spirited places I had seen anywhere in Africa. Africans and white people mingled freely. The atmosphere was gay, cordial, cosmopolitan. I saw many Africans reading newspapers and magazines, reflecting a far higher literacy rate than existed elsewhere on the continent. They were also better dressed than most other Africans. Almost all the children in the city wore shoes—most unusual for this part of the world. The buildings in the business section had clean, modern lines and were well spaced. All in all, it vied with Nairobi for the distinction of being the most attractive city in Africa.

On the surface, at least, the Belgian Congo appeared to justify its reputation as a trouble-free zone in a continent rapidly becoming a cauldron.

Now, five years later, it was difficult to realize I was in the same city. Much of the life seemed to have gone out of Leopoldville. Most cosmopolitan centers come fully alive only when the sun goes down and the lights begin to sparkle. But Leopoldville at dusk seemed like a deserted city. Almost all the shops were closed. There were hardly any strollers. The few white people I saw were in cars.

The questions I had brought with me to the Congo became more insistent. Why had this place, which only a few years ago had seemed to so many observers to have so much built-in stability, suddenly come apart at the seams? Was it possible to make sense of the swirlings and churnings of all the different factions that dominated the news from the Congo? Why had the Congo, remote and relatively undeveloped, become a dangerous and explosive arena in which the conflicting interests of at least a half-dozen major powers and many more smaller ones were close to the point of explosion? Would the Congo become another Korea, with the United States and the Soviet Union engaged in a military showdown? If so, could a general nuclear war be averted? What about the role of the United Nations? What was the Katanga situation all about? The Congo had already cost numberless lives, including Dag Hammarskjold's; how high a price would have to be paid before a normal beat could be brought to the heart of Africa?

AN in-and-out flying visit to the Congo is obviously not enough to supply responsible answers to such questions, but at least it can provide some useful clues. It can also make known the general outlines of the plot and serve to identify the cast of characters.

Perhaps the best way to begin is by putting the Congo in a historical setting. It is one of the unhappy facts of history that the acquisition of independence has not always led in a straight line to an ordered and functioning society. Indeed, a period of disintegration seems almost to be a natural consequence of liberation. From 1783 to 1787, the American states were in a condition of virtual anarchy, following the War for Independence. The victory against Great Britain led to anything but domestic tranquillity.

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Powerful separatist movements took hold. It was only when men like Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and Jay came together at Philadelphia that a design for a central federal government began to take shape.

France in 1789 fell into the wildest disorder. The struggle against the monarchy set the stage for a widespread condition of lynch law. Similar chaos existed in Germany in 1848. The annals of Italian history are disfigured with such disruptive experiences. India achieved its independence in 1947 through passive resistance and nonviolence, only to slide into wholesale communal bloodshed, resulting in the death of hundreds of thousands of Hindus and Moslems, with 12,000,000 people left homeless.

It would indeed be remarkable if, against the long background of outside rule and a master-subject relationship, the African peoples were to run counter to history in passing from colonialism into freedom. In fact, what is most surprising about Africa is not that the upheaval and violence have been so pronounced but that, everything considered, they have not been even more acute.

In the case of the Congo, for example, the predictable ordeal following independence was intensified by divisive forces within the country itself. First of all, the Congo was never a political or cultural entity. Belgium was the governing colonial power, but the people of the Congo belonged to six regional or provincial units, which in turn were divided into districts and territories. The territories were divided into hundreds of chieftaincies. Cutting across all these were the ethnic or cultural groupings. There was little or no sense of nation or national goals. The Congo, to the Congolese, was a world defined and operated by the white outsiders.

Most of the independence movements of Asia have been accompanied by a powerful nationalistic thrust. Freedom was sought not just as an end in itself but as the means of achieving a unified national society. In the Congo, by contrast, independence pointed not to national unity and consolidation but to an internal struggle for power and for regional autonomy. In four of the six provinces or regions, local leaders were leaning away from the center. In the rich southern province of Katanga, forty-year-old Moise Tshombe was bidding for complete separation. In the Oriental province in the northeast, Antoine Gizenga advocated national unity but only on the basis of substantial authority for the regions, which would become republics. In the central province of Kasai, thirty-one-year-old Albert Kalonji, an agricultural assistant, wanted to retain more provincial authority than a genuine federation would permit. And in Leopoldville, capital of the Congo, Patrice Lumumba called for a unified country in a way that seemed to the other leaders to mean that he wanted to dominate the government.

THE gravest fact in any total reckoning of the upheaval in the Congo is that the Belgians had prepared the Congolese for everything except self-government. They established comprehensive health and hospital services—but not hospital administrators. They prepared Congolese to be medical or dental assistants—but not doctors or dentists. They taught them to be government clerks—but not government officials. They taught them to construct buildings—but not to design them. They taught them to be good soldiers—but not to be officers. They gave them pensions and old-age security—but not the feeling that they were grown-ups capable of making decisions for themselves.

In education, the Belgians set up an impressive system of mass education surpassed by no other nation in Africa. For ninety-eight out of a hundred Congolese who went to school, however, the cut-off point came at the end of elementary school. There were 26,000 primary schools but only 300 secondary schools. At the top, it was not until 1956 that two universities were established by royal decree. Even here, however, white students accounted for a substantial part of the enrolment. Congolese students in both universities numbered less than 200.

In any event, at the time of independence in June, 1960, only seventeen men in the entire Congo were college graduates. Even among these, only two or three had any specialized training in government or public administration.

Opportunities for study in higher education abroad were virtually nonexistent. Thousands of promising young Africans from other countries had studied in Europe and the Americas. Not so the Congolese. Before 1959, perhaps not more than a dozen Congolese had been inside a Western university classroom. The Belgians discouraged foreign travel; they pursued a rigid policy of isolating the Congo not just from the West but from most of the rest of Africa.

Here, then, is one of the sharpest paradoxes in modern history. No colonial power did more for the Africans than the Belgians—in terms of housing, transportation, social welfare, basic education, and vocational training. In the end, however, no colonial power in Africa had to deal with a more violent or explosive situation.

The key to the paradox is that the Congolese got tired of being treated like children. No matter how devoted children may be to their parents, there comes a time when

Congolese mother and child. "People preferred the difficulties of adulthood to a congenial and perennial adolescence."

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—*Photographs by N. C.*

Ferry from Leopoldville to Brazzaville: "Hopes, however thin and tentative, that the Congo might make it as a nation, after all."

they want to be on their own. The Congolese were mindful of their economic advantages in comparison with most other Africans, but they were also mindful of their dependence on a generous outsider who was willing to give them everything except freedom. And in the end the freedom weighed more heavily than jobs, unemployment insurance, dispensaries, literacy, and a comfortable old age. Paternalism had worked beautifully—but only up to the point where people preferred the difficulties and dignity of adulthood to a congenial and perennial adolescence.

Even so, it is possible that the independence movement in the Congo might have been deferred for a decade or so had it not been for surrounding groundswells in Africa. Right across the Congo River, for example, fellow Africans were talking earnestly to their French masters about full independence. The French may have been less assiduous than the Belgians in taking care of the basic needs of their subjects, but one thing they did extremely well. They gave higher education to large numbers of Africans, unlocking the mysteries and complications associated with running a government. And Africans were being elected directly to the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, there to participate in the parliamentary process for all of France and not the colonies alone.

IT IS doubtful whether any single event preceding Congo independence made more of an impression on the Congolese than the visit in August, 1958, of General Charles de Gaulle to Brazzaville, capital of French Equatorial Africa, only a few hundred yards away from Leopoldville on the other side of the river. The French chief of state was characteristically forthright. He said that the question of independence for French Equatorial Africa was not for France to decide; as a matter of natural right it belonged to the African people themselves. France would be glad to work with the Africans before, during, and after independence according to the desire of the Africans themselves.

De Gaulle had spoken directly to the natural sense of dignity in people. As was to be expected, the people of French Equatorial Africa declared for freedom. Many people across the river had listened, too, and were coming to the same decision.

Among other external influences was the Pan-African Conference held in Ghana in December, 1958. Patrice Lumumba attended as head of the Congo National Movement Party. There he met the political giants of Africa, men like Nkrumah of Ghana, and Sekou Touré of Guinea. He had a sense of belonging to a continent-wide crusade. The Ghana Conference called for immediate independence of all Africa. Lumumba returned to Leopoldville fully ignited with the resolve to represent not only the Congo but the entire continent of Africa in the independence movement against Belgium.

"The Congolese people must stop sleeping," he declared. "The Congo is our country. It is our duty to make it greater and better."

These were strong and strange words for a people who had far less national consciousness than most of their fellow Africans, but they began to feel themselves caught up in a powerful undertow that meant more than liberation from the benevolent outsider; it meant personal emancipation and growth and a chance at adulthood. For it was not enough just to own a nation; they wanted to own themselves.

The Belgian government hardly knew what to make of all the stirrings and rumblings from the Congo. Only a few years earlier, in 1955, King Baudouin of Belgium had visited the Congo and was tumultuously received by his Congo subjects. True, there were indications that the continent-wide clamor for independence had some reverberations inside the Congo, but no one, including the

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Congolese themselves, believed that anything serious in the direction of freedom was likely to occur for many years. In fact, a few months after King Baudouin returned home, a Belgium professor, A. A. J. Van Bilsen, startled both Belgians and Congolese with a radical proposal of a thirty-year plan for an independent Congo.

Not thirty but three years later the serious trouble began. Sporadic demonstrations were taking place in the key cities. New parties were springing up all over; within the parties countless factions were asserting themselves. Almost any negative development, such as an increase in unemployment, or suppression of independence advocates, became the occasion for public protests or even rioting. In January, 1959, came the first mass outbreak of violence. Crowds swarmed through the streets of many cities shouting independence, attacking white people, looting and destroying European-owned shops.

THE magnitude of the uprisings made a profound impression on the Belgians. They declared they had every intention of granting independence to the Congo and would work with the Congolese toward that end. However, no dates were mentioned. King Baudouin returned to the Congo in December, 1959, to put the full strength of the Crown behind the Belgian assurances. The acclaim that greeted him only four years earlier was now replaced by demonstrations and demands. One fact, however, seemed abundantly clear. The King had not lost his personal popularity. The demonstrations were not directed *at* him or *against* him but *to* him.

The Belgian government acted swiftly to convince the Congolese that Belgium was not standing in the way of independence. A Round-Table Conference was scheduled for Brussels in January, 1960. To it were invited representatives of the various Congolese parties and factions. Belgian colonial administrators and government officials would meet with them on even footing and discuss the number one question—independence, how and when.

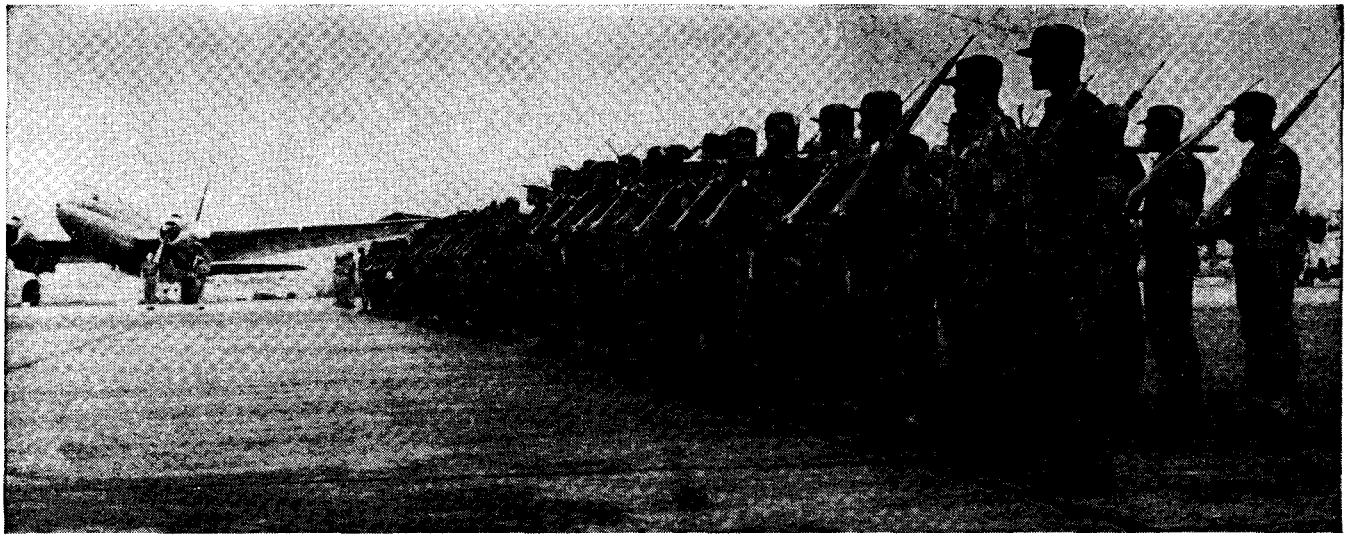
In all, some 150 delegates and officials sat at the Conference table, 96 of them Congolese. It was the most dramatic event in the short but intense history of the Congo independence movement. All the principal characters who were to make headlines in the coming months were there—Lumumba, Tshombe, Gizenga, Kasavubu, Kalonji, Nwamba, and Bolya, among others.

The contrast between the Belgians and the Congolese couldn't have been more dramatic. Many of the Belgians had been in government posts long before most of the Congo delegates were born. The average age of the Congolese was somewhere between thirty-four and thirty-five. The principal occupation represented among the Congolese was that of clerk. Only a handful of the Congo delegates had training beyond the secondary school. Some of them, like Tshombe, had taken correspondence courses in accounting.

The Belgians asked the Congolese whether they could agree on a timetable for independence. Here the factionalism ended. The Congolese said they wanted freedom immediately; that is, within six months. They were astounded when the Belgians put up no argument but proceeded at once to the question of orderly transition. Some of the Congolese, no doubt, had expected that the Belgians would counter the demand for immediate independence with a proposal for an eight- or ten-year program for orderly takeover, with widespread and intensive training in self-government. To this proposal, the Congolese could have withdrawn their own demand for immediate freedom, after which a compromise might have been reached on the basis of a two- or three-year timetable.

If such were the calculations of some of the Congolese, they could experience no elation over the sudden and total concurrence of the Belgians. For the Congolese would have to organize and operate a major government for which they possessed neither immediate means nor qualifications. The starting date was July 1, 1960. The hundred-odd political parties lacked cohesion and clearly defined support; there were now so many of them that representative government was apt to degenerate into a free-for-all. Moreover, no central core existed which could keep the provinces from splitting off. Finally, the general rioting of January, 1959, had indicated the existence of explosive forces which the slightest weakness at the top might touch off again.

There was speculation in various capitals of Africa that the Belgians had readily agreed to immediate independence because they wanted to dramatize the inability of the Congolese to govern themselves, after which the Belgians would return, re-establishing and strengthening their hold on the basis of demonstrated need. A similar argument was that Belgium had no real interest in the Congo except for Katanga, where the government was a full partner in the operation of one of the world's most powerful and profitable mining companies, Union Minière. According to this thesis,



Congolese and U.N. troops at the Leopoldville airport: "Independence has not always led in a straight line to an ordered society."

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Belgium was willing to cut loose the troublesome and expensive part of its colony so long as it could retain control, with the help of a few cooperative Congo leaders, over the incredibly rich mining province.

When such speculations came to the attention of the Belgians, they pointed out that no matter what they did they were bound to be accused of crass imperialism and bad faith. If they resisted the demand for immediate independence, they would be accused of typical colonial obstinacy and selfishness. If they offered to train Congolese for government functions, they would be accused of imposing their own way of doing things on people who said they would rather make their own mistakes than be efficient in the manner of the colonial power. Either way, they would be damned.

The truth of the matter, the Belgians said, was that they were fed up. They looked ahead and saw nothing but trouble, with the disorders of January, 1959, magnified many times, and with the probable result that they would be forced out of the Congo anyway—in rags and tatters. Now, while they still had ample reason for pride in their stewardship of the Congo, was the time to leave—especially since they were invited to do so.

In any event, the Belgians said, their hand was forced once General de Gaulle made what seemed to them to be grandiose pronouncements about self-government when he visited nearby Brazzaville. That was when the infection really took hold, they contended; after that, there was only one way to go—out.

In reply, Belgium's critics argued that a long-range program of preparation for Congo freedom should have been instituted many years earlier. They pointed out that Belgium did not have to wait for a Round-Table Conference to establish the need for the orderly transfer of authority. Nor did General de Gaulle, they added, give birth to the independence movement in the Congo; all he did was to call attention to some universal aims in human society. The Congolese had overheard de Gaulle, experienced the shock of recognition, and moved more confidently in the direction it was inevitable they would take anyway.

Whatever the historical verdict on the Brussels Round-Table Conference, the uncontested fact is that the Congolese leaders returned home bearing complete victory but not the means of making it work. True, the Round Table had reached agreement on some of the structural problems. The six provinces of the Congo were to continue as such but would be integrated into a single independent government, with a Parliament in Leopoldville. The Parliament would consist of two houses, a lower house for Representatives directly elected by the people, and an upper house for Senators chosen by the provincial assemblies. The Parliament was charged with the responsibility for electing a national President who would appoint a Premier, who in turn would appoint a Cabinet. The Belgians would be phased out of their government posts and the Congolese completely installed by June 30, 1960. The provincial governments would exercise the main authority pending the formation of the central government.

So far so good. But this still left unanswered the functional questions: Whom would the people elect? Would the elected officials have the knowledge required to make government work? Who would operate the transportation services, the communications system, the hospitals, the large farms, the food processing plants, the clinics, the social welfare agencies, the police department, the courts, the mails? Who would run the army? The Belgians had not trained a single Congolese officer.

Just as important: Could the multitude of parties be thinned out or consolidated so that the menace of factionalism could be averted and their programs made intelligible to the voters?

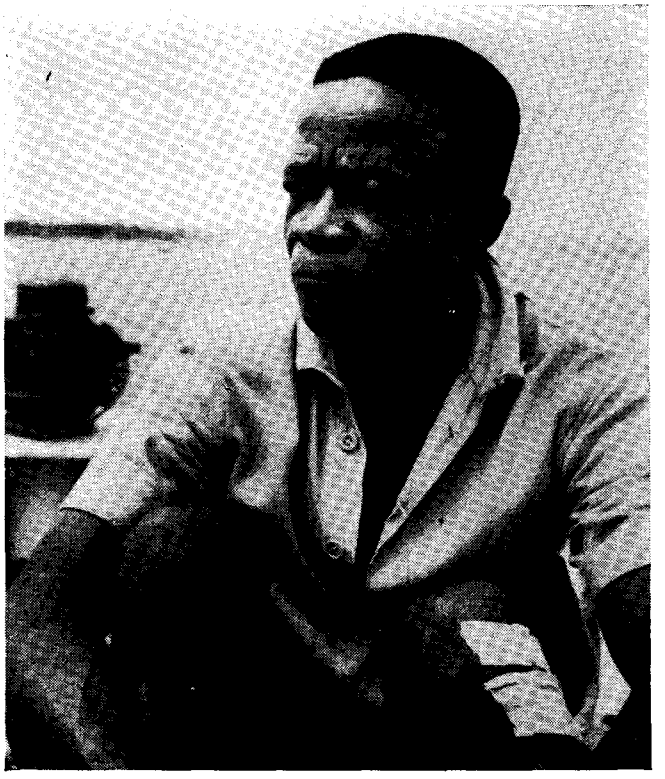
On the surface, it seemed logical enough to give the provincial governments primary authority during the transitional period. But this carried with it the danger that the provincial leaders would dig in and resist subordinating themselves later to a higher authority. Separatist feelings—or, rather, the absence of any highly developed national awareness—were enough of a problem already without fostering the conditions that would make them even stronger. If the aim was to build a unified Congo, one way not to do it was by fortifying the provincial psychology and habits.

In any case, even before the transitional period was over, the trouble started. Major tribal clashes, always a threat, flared up in various parts of the country; the provincial authorities struggled to bring them under control. Sporadic rioting against the white population added to the tension.

BY May, 1960, only a month before independence became official, the nation was already on a downward spiral. There were some 110,000 Belgians in the Congo; suddenly, the exodus began. A general impression in the United States is that almost all the Belgians in the Congo were businessmen or plantation owners. Not so. Many of them were agronomists, machinists, engineers, electrical experts, sanitation specialists, doctors, veterinarians, aviation technicians, etc. When, alarmed by the rioting and an uncertain future, the Belgians pulled out of the country by the planeload, the Congo began to run down. Agricultural machinery could not be kept in proper repair, with a dreadful reckoning to come in the food supply. Livestock could not be promptly treated for disease; infections spread. Roads were not repaired after the heavy equatorial rains, impeding the circulatory flow of the national economy. Schools tried to function without teachers. Shops stored their wares and closed down. The mails were unreliable.

Politically, the Congo was even more disorganized in the period just before independence than it was economically. All the later upheavals were foreshadowed in the inability of the Congo leaders to get together. Patrice

(*Continued on page* 30)



Congolese deck-hand. ". . . in the end, freedom weighed more heavily than jobs, pensions, and old-age security."

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Beyond the Oregon Trail

By Granville Hicks

HOWARD DOUGHTY'S **"Francis Parkman"** (Macmillan, $6.50) is a brilliant, sometimes formidably brilliant, study of the historian as man of letters. So far as I know, nothing quite like it has been done. Doughty approaches Parkman as certain critics have approached, say, Melville, whose name is often invoked in the course of the book. And Parkman handsomely rewards this treatment.

Every schoolboy once knew—but did not necessarily appreciate—"The Oregon Trail," and it is still the most famous of Parkman's books. This, Doughty observes, is "as if Melville should figure for us almost exclusively as the author of 'Typee' and 'Omoo.'" Parkman's "Moby Dick," so to speak, is his many-volumed history of the French in North America.

Parkman was born in Boston in 1823, the son of a respected Unitarian minister and the grandson of a wealthy merchant. In describing his early years, Doughty emphasizes the paradoxes that reveal themselves. Parkman was a Brahmin by birth, and in some respects he remained a Brahmin, but at the same time he had a healthy capacity for revolt, and he was a long way from his father's complacency. He developed early a passion for books, but an even stronger passion for wildlife, which he first satisfied on the Middlesex Fells. He had a sturdy respect for facts, as is shown by a youthful essay that Doughty quotes, but he was devoted to the Romantic poets, and his imagination was touched by them as it was touched by the wilderness. He had great energy, ambition, and will power, but long before he finished Harvard College he had shown signs of the illnesses that were to make him a semi-invalid during most of his life.

Because of ill health, his active life was over by the time he was twenty-three, and it is therefore important to note what his early experiences were and what he made of them. At the end of his freshman year, when he was not quite eighteen, he and a reluctant companion made a tour of the White Mountains and ventured into the Magalloway wilderness to the north. This was what he had been looking for, and, however much his companion might complain of the hardships, which were considerable, he pressed eagerly on. Not only was he taking acute pleasure; he was catching a glimpse of his life work. At this time, as he later wrote a friend, he began to dream of writing the story of "the American conflict between France and England; or, in other words, the history of the American forest; for this was the light in which I regarded it." He was absorbing material for such a work, and at the same time, as Doughty shows in his careful analysis of the journal Parkman kept, the historian was teaching himself how such material could be effectively rendered.

The next summer, with another but no less difficult companion, he visited Lake George, crossed Vermont, and returned to the Magalloway region. This journey, too, was profitable for him, but he had pushed himself beyond his strength, and the following fall he suffered his first complete breakdown. He withdrew from college and went to Europe, chiefly for his health but also in search of information and impressions he could use.

When he returned, Parkman was well enough to enter law school, as his father wished him to do, to make some trips, to do some writing. Then, in the summer of 1846, he undertook the trip to the West that he had long desired to make. Doughty describes and discusses the trip as Parkman recorded it in his journal, and goes on to analyze the book that grew out of it. Critics in recent years have argued about "The Oregon Trail," maintaining that Parkman did or did not understand the importance of the West for the future of the United States. Doughty holds that the controversy is largely irrelevant, that we ought to regard Parkman's experience "as a phase of his education—in Henry Adams's sense of the word," and he makes an impressive case.

Again Parkman had gone beyond his strength, and for the nearly fifty years that remained he was to know only different degrees of ill health. He suffered from indigestion, acute insomnia, and partial loss of eyesight, together with what he called "a universal turmoil of the nervous system." Later arthritis was added to his burdens, and he often had to be carried about. All this indicates some sort of psychic disorder, and Doughty suggests clues, but does not pretend to be a psychoanalyst.

In spite of these many and grave afflictions, Parkman managed to do his work, and it is with this work that Doughty is principally concerned. He examines "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" at length, and then groups "Pioneers of France," "The Jesuits in North America," and "The Discovery of the Great West," later called "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West" and referred to by Doughty as "La Salle." He interrupts his critical discussion to describe Parkman's later life and his activities as a publicist, and returns to the last four volumes of the series.

I HAVE said that Doughty treats Parkman as a man of letters, but he also treats him as an historian. "Whatever analogies his work suggests with other forms of literature," he says, "Parkman writing history is radically and quintessentially an historian, and not a poet or dramatist or novelist *manqué*." And he warns us against supposing that "the effectiveness of Parkman's writing" was bought "at the cost of the specific qualities that differentiate the historic mode from other modes of writing."

What Doughty does is to show, by the means of the closest textual analysis, how Parkman made scientific history an art. He discusses sentence structure, rhythms, the sound of words. He notes the devices used for the "vivification"—one of his favorite words—of particular scenes. He explores Parkman's imagery. And at the same time he reveals the qualities of temperament that fitted Parkman for his task—for instance, the passion for leadership and the aloofness that helped him to penetrate so deeply into the character of La Salle.

The book is so dense that it is by no means easy reading, but it rewards the effort it demands. By looking at Parkman from all sides and reckoning with all his many gifts, Doughty has compelled a new understanding and appreciation of our greatest historian. As a critic, he is as subtle and resourceful as the best of our students of fiction and poetry. As a biographer, he combines, as Parkman combined, a high objectivity with a delicate sympathy for the inwardness of his subject. Parkman offered Doughty a great challenge, and, by the mustering of impressive forces, he met it.

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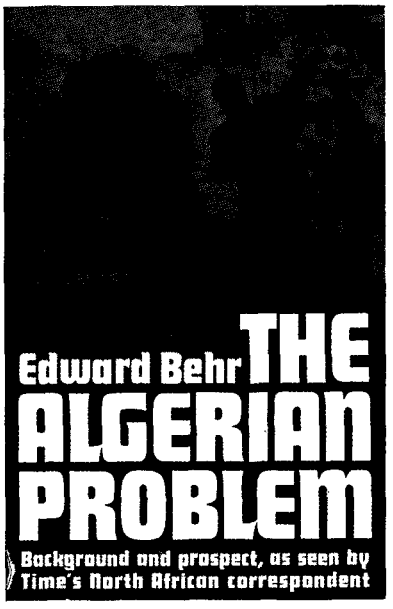
Book in the News



By Hal Lehrman, *who, as lecturer, author, and foreign correspondent, has had four extensive tours of duty in Algeria.*

WITH that same cross-eyed foresight which has guided so many other wanderers through the North African maze straight into the oracular doghouse, correspondent Edward Behr's book-length analysis of **"The Algerian Problem"** (Norton, $4.50) dusts General Raoul Salan off and away as "a slightly ridiculous figure." Under the gray light of our tragic newspapers these mornings such an astute appraisal almost deserves paraphrasing in the style of the victorious Winston Churchill's footnote ("Some neck! Some chicken!") to earlier Nazi promises of impending doom in the British barnyard.

Only days ago, for instance, a Moslem rebel (FLN) communique less opaque than the usual double-speak advised us plainly that the swelling power of Salan's Secret Army Organization (OAS), not the academic palaver between Moslem nationalists and impotent Paris, is the prime obstruction to rebel triumph in Algeria. Today, as I sit down to write, my radio boils with bulletins: the OAS now effectively controls Oran; a larger number than ever of victims on both sides have been stabbed, shot, or "plasticated" since last night; Algiers housewives are obediently queueing up after an OAS summons to stock a two-month emergency supply of groceries; the OAS has again pirated a government wave-length—this time to broadcast the ominously noncryptic prophecy that "soon the orange trees will blossom again." (*Aux armes, Citoyens!*) Who knows how much farther Mr. Behr's "ridiculous" general and his mass-supported European underground will have marched toward complete civil war or even *de facto* command of a compact French Algerian bastion before this periodical achieves print a few days hence.

Not that Salan is a democratic paladin pure without reproach, or that Mr. Behr when he was tidying up his manuscript late last year remained blind to the appalling bloodshed implicit in European-settler resolution to stand and die rather than surrender their Algeria. The point is that his debonair disposal of Salan is symptomatic of a graver nonchalance: an uncritical acceptance of the debatable doctrines that Algerian independence is both inevitable and right, the FLN is indisputably entitled to oversee that independence, and President Charles de Gaulle's pro-independence stratagems will ultimately prove good for all concerned.

It is precisely these doctrines—espoused in spirit by a parade of American reporters, and thus abetted by them (because American public opinion and policy have fundamentally influenced French and native behavior throughout recent North African history)—that have obscured a forest of basic issues:

1. Do Algeria's Moslems truly desire independence?

2. Is the FLN their authentic spokesman?

3. Would independence now—with or even without the FLN—benefit the Moslems, to say nothing of the Europeans, France, or the free world?

4. Are de Gaulle's Delphic utterances and tortuous maneuvers honest, or even likely to succeed?

Mr. Behr says yes on all counts. He says so, without any persuasive proof, despite the shockingly clear evidence that the same yes at the highest level in Paris, the U.N., and Washington has transformed the beacon of potential independence—however benign theoretically—into an arsonist's torch, has promoted Raoul Salan from just another four-star general to the dizzy rank of Scarlet Pimpernel and supreme commander of a million desperate men and women, and has brought Algeria to the edge of the grimmest catastrophe in its gruesome records.

The wonder is that there are so many Behrs, though he is the best and fairest among them. To this writer's knowledge, only one book in English worth noting and published here since the 1954 outbreak of Algerian insurrection has taken a contrary line: "Algeria in Turmoil," done in 1959 by Michael Clark, a privately diffident but professionally indomitable reporter for the New York *Times*, who finally despaired in his anti-FLN isolation and quit both North Africa and journalism.

All the rest, as far back as Ed Stevens's "North African Powder Keg" in 1955 and proceeding doggedly through the works of such observers as Lorna Hahn, Richard and Joan Brace, and the late Joan Gillespie down to Joseph Kraft's "The Struggle for Algeria" last fall, more or less preach identical articles of faith. Their chief and common fallacy is not that they espouse the rebellion—which would be their right and even pride if they reached this preference by intellectual sweat and open-minded inquiry—but that they make it axiomatic, and filter every inconvenient fact through a set of unexamined dogmas.

THIS sort of malady is endemic, and not bounded by North Africa in time and place. Without searching too far into yesterday, one can recall the agrarian-reformer ploy concerning the virginal Chinese Reds; the pot-and-kettle attribution of equal villainy to the U.S. and the USSR; the cult of adoration for the peaceable Nehru; the myths of Arab Reawakening, of Arab Unity, and of Nasser the Ineffable; the billing of Katanga as an "imperialist puppet"; indeed the entire automatic daisy chain of *ipso facto* saints popping out of the clouds above every "ex-colonial" territory, from Nkrumah to Soekarno, from Castro's rape of Cuba to Krishna Menon's violation of Goa. Algeria is only one among many heavens of spiritual confusion; if we are now watching it with special attention, it is mostly because the full and terrible lightning there is about to strike and the awful thunder roll.

In a sense, gratefully, recent books about Algeria have been progressively more mature (or less passionate) than the angry tracts of the earlier phase. Mr. Kraft magisterially exposes the imbecilic failures of the Fourth French Republic to seize opportunities, and the evils of the French Algerian "lobby." But he is able to admit a few aberrations on the nationalist side as well. Mr. Behr goes him better, with more documentation, in a merciless flaying of postwar French paralysis toward granting Algeria's Moslems the rights and dignities they deserve, and in cataloguing certain Moslem deficiencies. He looks with some sympathy into the case *for* the Algerian French, who also have claims to rights and dignities. He does much to rehabilitate the grossly tarnished reputation of Jacques

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Soustelle, at least for the period when Soustelle as Governor General was vainly prodding Paris to fulfill its Moslem obligations. Unlike his hurried predecessors, Mr. Behr has been watching for a long while, through 1950-54 with Reuters and since 1957 with *Time*. He gives useful and new glimpses (in English) of rebel mentality, of the rebel leadership, and of stresses and strengths in the rebel structure. Also, he has studied the history books. His survey of pre-1954 Algeria, on the whole, is the most judicious to date.

But when he turns to interpretation of current events he grows decidedly less reliable. (He is not helped by a proof-reading explosion of wrong dates and names, missing phrases, etc.) This is where the doctrines already mentioned move in, and where axioms begin to trample down any untoward evidence to the contrary. To cite a few instances:

Mr. Behr worries about the Europeans' future in a Moslem Algeria. He hopes, without any encouragement from visible facts, that Algeria will be as tolerant as Morocco and Tunisia. But the truth is that, in those countries after independence, rampant nationalism drove out half the Europeans in the first eighteen months, reducing both states to near economic absurdity.

He *proves* that independence will mean socio-economic ruin for Moslem Algeria unless closest ties are retained with France. He cannot produce a plausible case that the FLN wants such ties or has received any mandate for itself from the Moslem population. Yet he tacitly assumes the Moslems' loyalty to the rebellion.

The Kasbah, he says, is "a nationalist stronghold." As sole support, he offers the "pro-FLN" riots in Algiers two Decembers ago. There exists some doubt, which he overlooks, about their genuineness. He is able to write, with bizarre indifference to the implied contradiction, that FLN flags "immediately appeared by magic" and that "within hours the demonstrations had been taken in hand by FLN agents." His inability to guess how those flags got there is plain magic itself.

Conversely, Mr. Behr is positive the *pro-French* demonstrations by Moslems were phoney during the May 1958 uprising, which brought de Gaulle to power. At the time this reviewer walked unaccompanied into that "nationalist stronghold," the Algiers Kasbah. I found, as Mr. Behr would have if he had bothered, a universal Moslem relief—freely expressed to one unarmed journalist—that France had at last shown a determination to be forceful and to stand firm against the FLN.

Despite his years in the land, Mr. Behr is curiously oblivious to the ABC's of Moslem mass psychology. It eludes him that native fear of the FLN is a vital FLN weapon. He omits noting that, in the rebellion's first five years, his "representative" FLN killed more Moslem noncombatants than French soldiers. He does not explain why more Moslems were fighting under the French flag against the FLN than for it.

Mr. Behr mentions with apparent approval the pledges reiterated by de Gaulle not to make a farce out of Moslem "self-determination" by negotiating exclusively with the FLN and thereby ticketing it in advance as the future government of Algeria. Yet, when de Gaulle finally did just that, Mr. Behr complains only that he took so long.

He is annoyed because the French Army now resents being withdrawn from Algeria and leaving it defenseless, although de Gaulle had solemnly assured the Army he would not withdraw it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Behr serenely ignores the General's monumental record of broken promises to Moslems and Europeans alike—all the way from de Gaulle's initial genuflections before an Algeria forever French down to his present clear inclination to abandon Algeria altogether.

The reader gets an apology from Mr. Behr for the "tedious" necessity of having to refer at all to de Gaulle's "pronouncements" in order to trace his Algerian policy—a policy that is "like the Seine, full of meandering loops followed by a long spurt forward." That these "meandering loops" may be more responsible than anything else for the flood which now threatens to burst the dikes both in Algeria and France is a disconcerting possibility that Mr. Behr seems incapable even of imagining.

—*Daniel Camus.*

Charles de Gaulle—"a policy that is like the Seine . . ."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

POETS ON POETS

Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists here a dozen poets who have written books (biography, criticism) about other poets. Can you match the writers in the first column with their subjects in the second? Answers (including titles) on page 36.

1. Martha D. Bianchi	( ) The Brontës
2. William Stanley Braithwaite	( ) Lord Byron
3. Robert Bridges	( ) Dante
4. John Malcolm Brinnin	( ) Emily Dickinson
5. Margaret Haley Carpenter	( ) John Dryden
6. Amy Lowell	( ) Ben Jonson
7. Edgar Lee Masters	( ) John Keats
8. Thomas Moore	( ) Vachel Lindsay
9. Dante Gabriel Rossetti	( ) John Milton
10. Algernon Charles Swinburne	( ) Christina Rossetti
11. Mark Van Doren	( ) Gertrude Stein
12. Marya Zaturenska	( ) Sara Teasdale

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The Temper of Modern Man

"The Fox in the Attic," by Richard Hughes *(Harper. 352 pp. $4.50), is the first novel in a triptych that will portray the contemporary dilemma of the human spirit. James Gray's book "On Second Thought" is a collection of his literary essays.*

By James Gray

A FIRST response to the experience of reading this superb novel might well be to demand a bit querulously: What has Richard Hughes been doing all these years? He became known to a wide public in the mid-1920s as the author of "A High Wind in Jamaica," which is still a uniquely valuable contribution to a special branch of the art of fiction. Since then it appears that he has been extensively and quite creditably occupied with various patriotic, educational, and literary interests. But because he has not been represented on publishers' lists with the novels for adults that he is brilliantly equipped to produce, a judgment could be made against him that he has been absent without leave from a commanding duty.

However, the indictment would be unfair. In decent privacy, with a rare kind of patience and maturity of spirit, he has been at work on a major project. It is now revealed that his recent years have been devoted to the composition of a large work, the over-all title of which will be "The Human Predicament." The first instalment is "The Fox in the Attic." This is an examination of the temper of modern man at once so vigorous, so bold, and so sensitive to nuance that the appearance of the book seems to be the manifesto of a one-man revolution against decadence in the novel. Or perhaps it might be better to call it one man's powerful nudge toward the reawakening of the art of fiction.

For years—and years and years!—we have had to make do with novelists who seem to say: What is there to write about? And who have then gone on doggedly to write about nothing very much—fragments of human experience that seem to be trivial and (one hopes to heaven) atypical. The novel in America and in England has offered a parade of maimed creatures trailing clouds of neuroses. The world of fiction has seemed often to be one of shadows and ghosts; however startlingly, tenderly, or violently these bleakly phantasmagorical figures have been presented, a sober lover of interpretation could regard the spectacle only with bitter disappointment and dismay.

What Richard Hughes has done that is different is to look at the experience of our time with a steady, unintimidated, analytical determination to find essential meanings. His work has nothing to do with great, thumping, half-hypocritical affirmations of duties to *live* and *grow* and *build*. His probe is directed toward the heart of the human predicament, and the value of his book is precisely that it uncovers some secrets about that delicate complexity.

The time of the novel is 1923, a significant moment for world society, when unresolved hostilities and unrealistic hopes were being twisted disastrously into strange monsters that were destined to struggle together in World War II. Richard Hughes shows us the England of that time and the Germany. In one country, well-intentioned people were trying to rehabilitate the past and to restore the pattern of a society that was already obsolete; in the other, people who were at once angry and submissive were allowing the miseries of the inflation to draw them into a mad worship of chaos. These two worlds, not yet quite ready for their second confrontation of the century, are presented as being in a state of fearful suspension of reason, busily putting together the elements of disaster. To clarify his view of this crisis in human affairs Richard Hughes offers scores of brilliant scenes dramatizing the impact of individual on individual; to remind us of the awful significance of what was happening he presents an intimate view of the rise of Hitler and of that most momentous farce of all history, the Munich beer-hall *putsch*.

Not one but dozens of personal histories give moving point to the narrative. All touch on the central theme: the essence of the human predicament. Richard Hughes believes that this is the conflict with the heart of man, who demands both separateness and identi-

(*Continued on page* 37)

THE AUTHOR: Richard Hughes writes from Merioneth, North Wales, that his projected trilogy "The Human Predicament" had its genesis "in the middle of Battle of Britain days, when I was struck, like Genji nearly 1,000 years earlier, that 'a time must never come when people did not know this was how things were.' The novel form seemed inevitable because it had to be believed, and fiction is the only really credible kind of writing. Thus the project clearly envisaged a historical novel of my own times which should endeavor to elucidate the motivation as well as the movement of events, a novel in which historical and fictional characters were kept wholly distinct, and historical and poetic truth were kept wholly distinct but were accorded equal reverence.

"The story begins in 1923 because I found I needed a full generation of time under my fingers, peace as well as war. I needed the normal processes of living, growing, and aging to modify my characters as well as the abnormal impacts of violence. I needed the young reaching and passing middle age, children reaching and passing youth, new babies becoming articulate children, and the whole troop, at whatever age it happened to catch them, presently shuttling into total war and out the other side. And within them the *foci* of consciousness perpetually shifting as the background behind them shifted.

"I needed an extension of space, too: Germany as well as England; America, Russia, Africa as well as Europe; the sea as well as the land; multifarious patterns of living all reaching down to discernible common springs of the human predicament."

During the World War II days he speaks of, Mr. Hughes held a civilian post with the British Admiralty, on whose official history he subsequently collaborated. His last published work, which appeared in 1939, was "Don't Blame Me," a collection of children's stories originally told to the six young evacuees Mr. Hughes and his wife added to their household in North Wales during the war.

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Skylarking of a Nabob

"The Prodigal Rake: The Memoirs of William Hickey," edited by Peter Quennell *(Dutton. 442 pp. $6.50), recalls the riotous life of an eighteenth-century roué. A scholar of the period, J. H. Plumb has published two volumes of a biography of Sir Robert Walpole.*

By J. H. Plumb

ENGLISH eighteenth-century memoirs are incomparable, and too little known. Horace Walpole and James Boswell, superb as they are, have rivals. A year or two ago Romney Sidgwick dextrously edited Hervey's memoirs, perhaps one of the best court memoirs in any language, and now Peter Quennell has made an excellent selection from Hickey's memoirs. The work of excision has been done so skilfully that the omissions are nowhere apparent. The prolixity of Hickey has been pruned away and what remains is superb—a galaxy of characters and a rattling narrative.

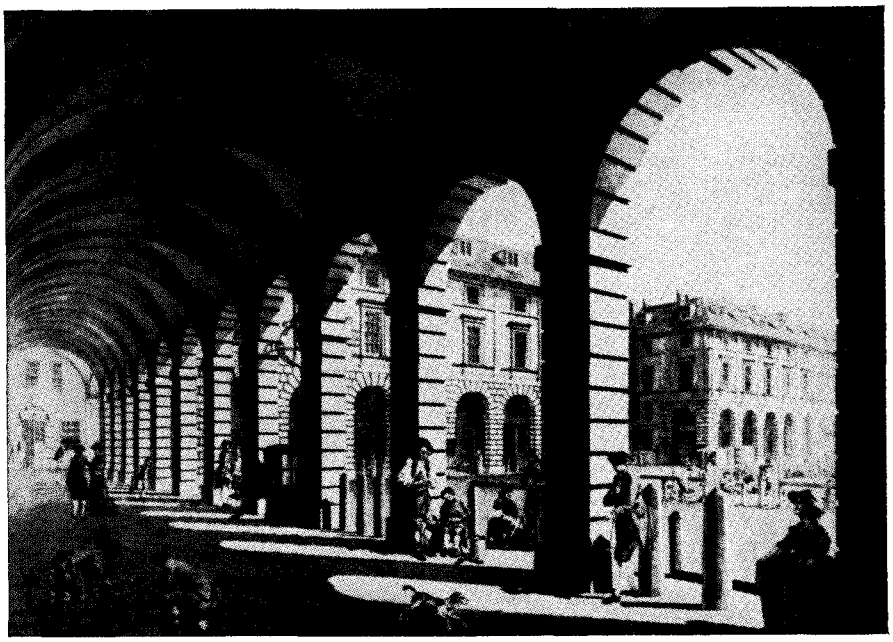
William Hickey was a short, square, rather heavy man, with a direct, open gaze: a man of boundless energy and refreshing frankness. He drank hard, began wenching whilst still a boy at Westminster School, loved parties, and adored low life. He swindled his father, dodged his work, and even forged his ledgers. Packed off to Madras, he hated it so much that he returned immediately, but via Canton, where, without prejudice, he sampled Chinese food and Chinese girls. There, too, he met one of the loves of his life—Bob Pott, an auburn-haired imp of thirteen, as addicted to the bottle and the frolic as Hickey himself. Both back in London, they roamed through the bagnios of Covent Garden, fought cabbies, got locked up by the Watch, spent their fathers' money on *demi-mondaines,* fell senseless with drink, and deeply resented any conduct that they felt to be lacking in manliness and honesty of intention. They gorged the best food and drink that London had to offer, and spent immoderately on barbers, clothes, and horses.

Settling them to a steady life proved a slow, heart-breaking business, particularly in Hickey's case. His admirable father acted with unflinching generosity and sympathy. He shipped the boy to Jamaica and, when that failed, tried India again, this time sending William to Calcutta and the law. Magically it worked. Hickey and Pott, who was already there, lived like lords, spending profusely, but amassing so much that on their return to England they could set up their girls in high style and carry on like the nabobs they were. On one trip Hickey pinched his friend Mordaunt's mistress and took her back to Calcutta as "Mrs. Hickey." There she died, and Hickey was seared by her loss. Life for him was never the same. In the end the debauchery, the wounds of love's battles, the climate of India debilitated his iron constitution (they killed Pott), and finally, as a rich, distinguished, respected Indian judge, he retired to Beaconfield and the company of his two aging sisters and the ministrations of an elegant and youthful Indian servant.

He could not rest. True, he could no longer riot (age had quashed his ardor); but his instinctive life, constantly indulged as it had been, refused utter vegetation. Instead he regaled himself with his memories, lived again his riotous days and randy nights. And relived them with what gusto! It took him 740 closely written folio pages to recapture the past. Nature had not endowed him with much sense of language or literary tact. He was no Boswell in this respect, but his recollection was so vivid, so real to him, that his clear statement of fact and feeling achieves what a more artful presentation might so easily have destroyed—a sense of absolute candor. The result is one of the most entertaining memoirs of the eighteenth century. It rivals in sheer lust for life Boswell's "London Journal." Hickey's character, of course, was far less complex than Boswell's, and so it was easier for him to tell the truth about himself. Nevertheless to display his life so frankly and so engagingly is a literary achievement of the highest order.

THIS is, in more senses than one, a stimulating book. How lucky Hickey was in his time. Today he and Pott would have fetched up in a school for delinquents or under expensive psychiatrical treatment, depending on the luck of their birth. To behave like hoodlums did not lose them the sympathetic indulgence of their eighteenth-century fathers, who remembered the vigor of their own youth. Old Hickey never doubted that his son would succeed, settle down, and make his fortune. Nor did his son's virile appetite for life sour him or drive him into a prosy morality.

It would be most agreeable to think that in some quiet cottage in the placid English countryside a retired colonial administrator or High Court judge is putting down *à la* Hickey the enjoyable follies of his youth. However, is it possible that any of them lost their virginity in St. James's Park on the way home from school, or on the threshold of success roamed through the equivalent of Ranelagh, dressed as a nun and drunk as a lord?



—From the book.

Covent Garden Piazza in 1768, by Edward Rooker after T. Sandby.

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The Coils of Conscience

"The Light of Other Days," by Rexford Tugwell *(Doubleday. 408 pp. $5.95), rakes the leaves of the author's boyhood for roots of the mushroom we dropped on Hiroshima. A "New Deal baby," Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is an editorial writer for the Greensboro Daily News.*

By Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.

PROFESSOR REXFORD TUGWELL's "The Light of Other Days" is an absorbing self-portrait of the New Dealer as a young man. It ranges, ruminatingly, a boyhood that spanned the last decade of the last century and the first of our own. Mr. Tugwell was born in the twilight of the Gilded Age in the Lake Chautauqua environs of upstate New York; he left to become an enthusiastic freshman at the University of Pennsylvania the year before Woodrow Wilson took over the Presidency.

Even the casual student of the New Deal remembers Mr. Tugwell as a central figure in the original FDR brain trust, later confidant, assistant, and under-secretary of agriculture in the New Deal Cabinet. And, of course, this was itself an interlude in a distinguished career as an economist and author.

In his book Professor Tugwell knits two strands together, sometimes as if by force. The first is a mellow and straightforward account of the graces and lessons of a small-town upbringing. Any beneficiary of the same sort of boyhood, whether in New York or North Carolina, will find it authentic and charming. But recollection is here laced with a second strand, a somber meditation on what Mr. Tugwell views as the central disaster of American policy in his lifetime. This was the decision to drop the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima in 1945. "I thought," he tells us in an introductory note, "some search on my part might turn up some of the causes of the effects that now seemed so formidable and might be leading on to disaster of vast magnitude. . . . There had been gross departures from our standards and they stood plainly against our record."

If Professor Tugwell has not clearly found the causes of these "gross departures," he seeks them ingeniously; and fortunately the failure does not mar a good book of memoirs, a volume having a pleasantly epistolary quality, as if a fond uncle were, in a Chesterfieldian mood, instructing a favorite nephew on the pleasures and pitfalls of his own boyhood. (Indeed, at one point Mr. Tugwell tells us he writes "for the generation of my grandchildren.")

The child is here meant to be father to the man. But it is hard to find in the happy lad of Sinclairville, Wilson, and Buffalo, N.Y., even a remote ancestor of the conscience-stricken penitent of 1945. How familiar the sketches are, however: the would-be writer devouring every book at hand or writing poetry *sub rosa*; freezing or baking in a village schoolroom rank with ill-distributed heat and concentrated smells; fishing, sledding, smoking cornsilks; in short, enjoying as only a small-town boy can the company and instruction of all sorts and conditions of men. The Tugwells were people of substance and position, but in a Sinclairville or a Wilson at the turn of the century there were no exclusive circles.

There are, of course, many valiant attempts to establish links between the boy and the man. Professor Tugwell finds the beginnings of social conscience in his early dismay at the impoverished Sicilian immigrants who worked in his father's canning factory, and the seeds of historical discrimination in his encounters with a bluff old Buffalo reporter who, though Republican, loathed the sainted Lincoln. But the links are tenuous at best. The pattern, we feel, is superimposed in retrospect—and Professor Tugwell tells us honestly that he is not certain himself.

At bottom, if we separate the strand of meditation from the strand of memory, Mr. Tugwell is seen to be concerned with education—with what it was in the training of Americans of his generation that permitted the lapse of 1945. If, he seems to say, the march of technology had not outpaced the educational system, if President Truman had had more than a "common sense education" so typical of his peers, we might have been spared Hiroshima. If William Jennings Bryan's defeats had not enthroned business and shut off the development of a cadre of technocrats (like himself?) the American democracy might have weathered its trials with fewer guilts.

It is not with the hypothesis we are disposed to quarrel, rather with the notion that a certain sort of "education"—any kind, let alone the Dewey-influenced, progressivist kind Mr. Tugwell seems to favor—could have been proof against the bad judgment of 1945—if it was bad, and there are historical and military complexities he does not discuss. Is there a sure connection between certain kinds of education and certain sets of values? One regrets belaboring the point, but it may be that the choices of 1945 followed relentlessly from decisions made long before Mr. Tugwell's generation went to school. Maybe the logic of total war has no educational master in his sense. Certainly if it was Mr. Truman of Independence who decided to drop the bomb, it was Mr. Roosevelt of Hyde Park, the student of Endicott Peabody, who authorized its making.

Now, sixteen years later, it is a lost issue—a road not taken; and Mr. Tugwell is not one to carp at the past. Beyond the serious questions it raises, fit to be pondered by all of us, there is much to fancy in this book, much that is refreshing and unorthodox. And this is not at all soured by a peculiarly selective, almost capricious, view of recent history.

Now

By Robert Huff

IMAGINE coastal spray, far movement, marsh,
And bird call—not the little ones—
Cocked in the rock, reeds winnowing, just dawn,
Flocks in the sea like negatives of stars.
Picture the loving distance waking there—
Our blood infatuated with old bones—
Whacked grass impatient, wind glued on the gull,
And all the idiotic diving birds,
The weed-whipped, grain-grabbed, dipping dears,
Ready to rise. And there you are and I. . .

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Faith Sacred and Profane

"Religious Experience and Truth," edited by Sidney Hook *(New York University Press. 321 pp. $5), presents the arguments advanced by thirty-five participants in a recent conclave of philosophers and theologians. Huston Smith, professor of philosophy at MIT, has as his special interest the philosophy of religion as encountered in the major faiths.*

By Huston Smith

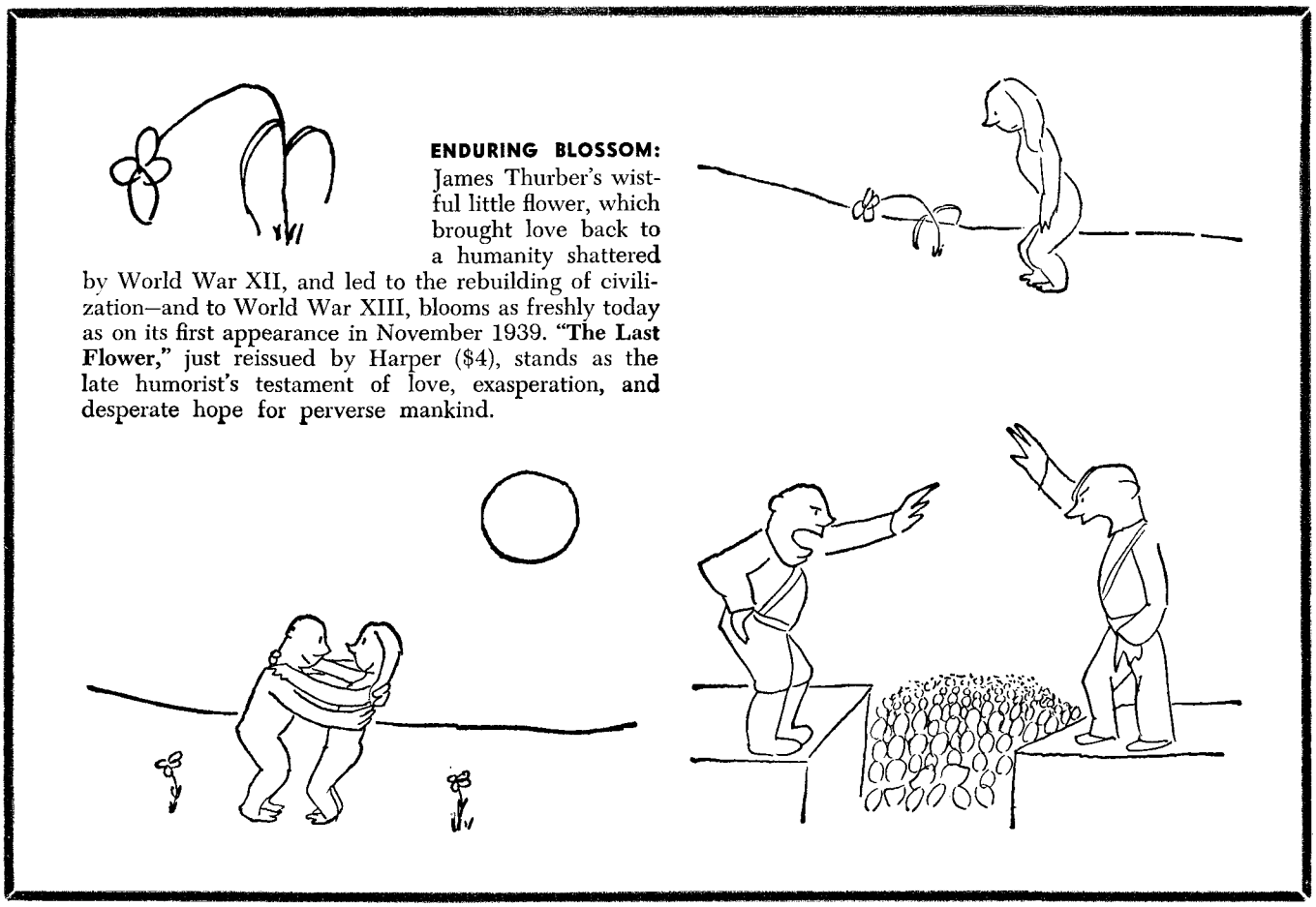
A NOTABLE feature of the midcentury intellectual scene is the revival of interest on the part of philosophers in theology. Sidney Hook rightly credits the later Wittgenstein with setting the stage for this development. For if—as the positivistically and pragmatically dominated philosophy of the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties tended to assert—words and statements are meaningful only in so far as they indicate states of affairs that are publicly demonstrable, then theology is largely meaningless, for few of its claims can be thereby substantiated. But the same Wittgenstein who in his early years did so much to convert philosophers to this verification theory of meaning came in the end to recognize its inadequacy. The meaning of words and statements, he said at the close, lies not in their verification but in their use.

It is this enlargement in the criterion of meaning that has occasioned philosophy's about-face toward theology. Not that philosophers today necessarily "believe" any more than they did. But as a profession they are no longer out to prove that religious assertions are nonsense. Their interest has become constructive: to discover the distinctive meanings theological statements have by virtue of the fact that they function in the context of discourse which, being expressly religious, differs legitimately in intent and usage from other kinds of discourse—scientific, artistic, legal, or whatever.

The most concerted evidence of this change to date occurred in October 1960, when some thirty-five philosophers and theologians convened at the invitation of New York University's Institute of Philosophy to consider issues of mutual concern. "Religious Experience and Truth" collects the papers that were prepared for that occasion.

It is an intensely interesting book, though not an easy one. As can be expected of every symposium, several chapters are pedestrian, and several more oblivious enough to the essential issues that they can safely be labeled stupid, though argument is so meshed with conviction in this area that readers will doubtless differ as to which these latter chapters are. But there is enough profundity in a half-dozen of the essays to keep a thoughtful reader pondering for months, and enough combat in the rest to satisfy adrenalin addicts. For insight into philosophy's current posture toward religion, both intellectual (problems in theology that interest philosophers) and emotional (features of theology that philosophers

(Continued on page 35)



ENDURING BLOSSOM: James Thurber's wistful little flower, which brought love back to a humanity shattered by World War XII, and led to the rebuilding of civilization—and to World War XIII, blooms as freshly today as on its first appearance in November 1939. **"The Last Flower,"** just reissued by Harper ($4), stands as the late humorist's testament of love, exasperation, and desperate hope for perverse mankind.

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Dialogue in Johannesburg

FIVE years ago, in Johannesburg, I met few white South Africans who expected large-scale uprisings from the native population. All recognized the potential danger; few, however, thought the eruption would come in their lifetimes. Meanwhile, white life in Johannesburg was most agreeable. The cost of living was not too high; the private homes and grounds were attractive; the social life was gracious; nowhere in the world could you find weather so congenial. It was like California without smog, traffic, or skintight slacks.

Recently I returned to Johannesburg, en route to the Congo. Life in the South African metropolis was just as comfortable, the private houses were just as impressive, the weather was just as seductive. But the confident assumptions had departed. No longer were people disposed to project a violent showdown into a distant and impersonal future. On the contrary, some of them were packing and getting out, in anticipation of disaster. The social life of Johannesburg was being enlivened by lavish farewell parties. Scarcely a week passed without one or more prominent individuals saying his goodbyes against the background of popping noises from champagne corks.

Much is known in the United States about South African apartheid, the practice of legalized segregation. But little is known in the United States about the history and background of many of the Europeans in South Africa. These are not recent fortune-seekers or sun-worshippers. Most of them have lived for generations in South Africa, often on the same land or estates. One of them expressed his disappointment to me in the lack of American understanding of this general situation.

"Perhaps the best way to get across some idea of the true picture here," he began, "is to compare our experience with America's. Proportionately, European settlers came to South Africa much earlier than they did to America. Incidentally, you tend to forget that for a time America was something of a Siberia in relation to Europe. That is, England relieved the burden on its jails by shipping criminals and undesirables to the American colonies. Most of our forefathers came of their own accord.

"When the Europeans came to America, they took the land away from the red men. When the Europeans came to Africa they took the land away from the black men. Forgive me if I sound crude. I don't intend to. What I am trying to suggest to you is that your experience and ours have been virtually identical—except, perhaps, that we used far less violence against the Africans than you used against the Indians.

"Like you, we built our institutions, our culture, our churches, our businesses, our schools, our clubs. And now, after more than 300 years, the Africans want to take over again. How would you, an American, react if the Indians laid claim to your country—a country that you had built and developed, a country that you feel you own, and in fact do own? You would tell them to go straight to hell.

"You needn't look so offended. We're the ones who ought to be offended. Americans are always preaching to us, saying how shocked they are at things that are happening here. You can afford the luxury of all your high-falutin moralizing. We can't. We're still outnumbered by the blacks while you have it made, as they say in America. You don't have to worry about claims by the Indians. They're not very numerous and you can keep them cooped up on reservations. The shame of your Indian reservations certainly makes American pronouncements about our locations for the blacks sound awfully hollow.

"Well, now history is closing in on us. We don't know how much more time we have. Some of us are clearing out already. But we can do without your sympathy, thank you; we don't feel especially affectionate toward Americans right now."

I thanked my South African friend for the favor of his observations. I said I could understand how, from his vantage point, it appeared that the only real difference in the situation of the Americans and the Africans is that we were more fortunate than they in picking a new continent where there were fewer aborigines. And I could agree that we were a long way from solving our own racial problems. Discrimination, prejudice, segregation still exist in the United States in substantial measure. An important difference, however, is that in the United States such abuses against human rights occur in violation of the laws of the society as a whole. In South Africa, the law is the source of the abuse. The distinction is not academic. In the case of the United States, it means that a rallying point exists around which a larger portion of justice may some day be realized.

I ALSO commented that the reckoning my friend feared for South Africa might not be a national or even a continental matter. A wave of color was rising in the entire world. No one could say what its ultimate proportions would be or how soon it would reach its crest. But at least human history warranted the conviction that those who knew how to anticipate change were less scarred by it than those who had no feeling for change or the human element thereof.

My South African friend interrupted me. "That's absolutely perfect," he said. "I can hardly wait to tell my friends. You're exactly the kind of American I had in mind. You save all your indignation for things you don't like outside the United States. You wouldn't dare to talk in the United States the way you have just spoken here. . . ."

I took the gentleman's name and address; we are sending him a complimentary subscription. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PLAUDITS

I HAVE JUST HAD an opportunity to go through the special issue on collective bargaining [*SR*, Jan. 13].

I could not resist writing to tell you that you have made a real contribution in the field. The issue exemplifies the kind of mature function that the publishing field can contribute to management, labor, and government.

I suspect that there is nobody who will agree with everything as it was presented in the issue. Likewise, however, there is no one who can fail to be impressed by the comprehensive coverage of the subject and the honest attempt that was made to give various points of view an opportunity to be heard and judged in the market place of ideas.

Many thanks for a service well rendered.

LUTHER H. HODGES,
Secretary of Commerce.

Washington, D.C.

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

MANY THANKS TO Jane Impastato for recording, during her trip last summer, a tableau of such haunting beauty. Surely "Kashmiri Madonna" [Jan. 6 cover photo and winner of *SR*'s World Travel Photo Contest] says no less than John Keat's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." The judges and *SR* deserve special thanks for sharing this rare experience with us.

R. M. ANTONIO.

Modesto, Calif.

I FEEL COMPELLED to join the ranks of letters-to-the-editor writers in order to take issue with your first prize color selection. It is a nice, clear, inoffensive picture in true-to-life color, but to my eyes and sensibilities it seems quite ordinary. The fact that its subject matter is a mother and her children would seem to qualify it for the hackneyed "human interest" category, except that it is no more interesting than a picture of any other female (human or animal) with her young, for the particular reason that it has no elements of artistic expressiveness and elicits no deep emotional or intellectual response . . .

MRS. MARGARET GUY INMAN.

South Plainfield, N. J.

CULTURE IN THE CAPITAL

HENRY BRANDON'S "Washington's Struggle for Culture" [*SR*, Jan. 6] sounds as though he has viewed our nation's Capital from afar. He seems to have summed up all the clichés ever written about the city.

I am in the concert field, and therefore concerned with the growth of the nation's culture. I have long known that Washington's so-called struggle reflects the struggle of any young country. Perhaps Mr. Brandon needs a refresher course in cultural affairs. He states that cultural activities in the Capital are on a "small scale." Is he aware that the National Symphony Orchestra, for example, has the third longest season of any symphony in the United States (we have more than 2,000 symphony orchestras); gives more Youth Concerts than any other orchestra; was one of the first symphonic ensembles sent to Latin America (in 1959); and only last year was cited by the top music critics as "one of the ten best orchestras" in our nation?

JAY K. HOFFMAN.

New York, N.Y.

EVERY SO OFTEN, some periodical or other decides to fill up a page or two of space by reviving that old war horse, the attack on Washington as a cultural desert. Henry Brandon's current effort reads as though his digestion had been upset by an underdone piece of imported mutton.

There was a time when I would rise to the bait and argue the case. But now I take it more calmly, continuing on my way, enjoying as much of a wide and complex cultural atmosphere as I have time and money for. Things could be better, and they will be, but what is going on now here in Washington is more than any one man can keep up with. . . .

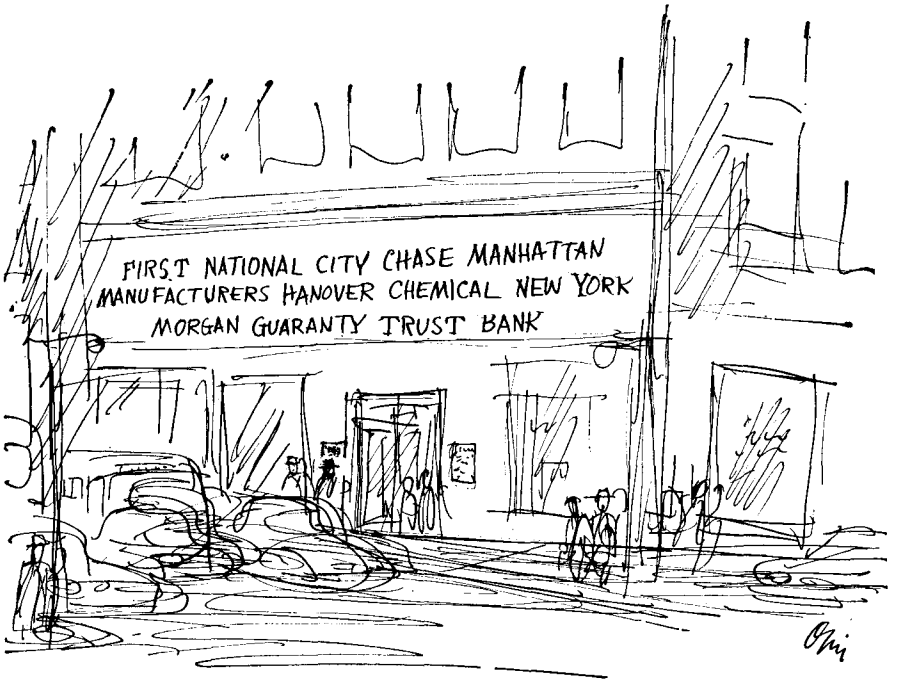
ROBERT E. REYNOLDS.

Arlington, Va.

I FEEL I must correct Henry Brandon's article concerning the National Symphony Orchestra. The programs conducted by my husband, Pierre Monteux, last month consisted of Brahms's 3rd Symphony, two arias by Purcell and Weber, and Ravel's "Daphnes and Chloe" Suites 1 and 2. He has been enchanted by the orchestra, their beautiful discipline, wonderful ensemble work, and virtuosity. The concerts were a delight to hear, as all the critics attested to in their articles. After all, with seventy years of conducting behind him, I think you will agree he should have an idea of what a fine orchestra consists of, and he says the National Symphony Orchestra is a very fine one.

MME. PIERRE MONTEUX.

Washington, D.C.



BABY BOOM

TRADE WINDS [*SR*, Jan. 13] quotes—or misquotes—sociologist Danforth P. Stern as saying, "Somewhere in the world a woman is giving birth to a child every sixty seconds—day and night."

She sounds busy, but not nearly busy enough to account for the facts. The *growth* rate of world population is considerably over one every *second*, and the birth rate is a lot faster than that.

All the more reason why "we should find that woman and stop her."

GERALD BARNES.

Natick, Mass.

MANGLED METER

ROBERT LOWELL has asked me to point out that in my review of his "Imitations" [*SR*, Jan. 6] three words were left out of the quotation from Baudelaire's "Le jeu":

> Cheeks chalked, black lashes, *eyes*
> still terrible
> Old bags glittering under chandeliers,
> as they titter and make a waterfall
> of stone and metal *fall* from their *thin*
> ears: . . .

He is quite right in saying that without these words the stanza is a "hash." My point was that Lowell's lines seem forced. I still hold with that. But I am sorry the words were left out.

WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR.

Davis, Calif.

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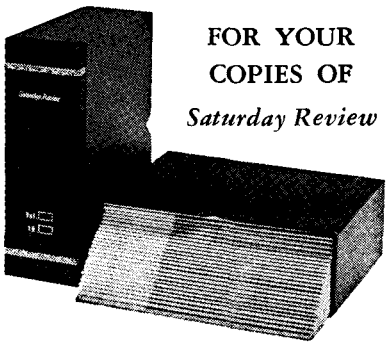

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Seven's His Destination

AFTER too long a vacation, Thornton Wilder has returned to the American theatre through the Off-Broadway entrance. His **"Plays for Bleecker Street"** consist of three new short pieces written with the Circle-in-the-Square Theatre in mind, which is to say that they are unambitiously simple exercises for friendly audiences.

"Infancy," the first of two from a projected cycle of seven based upon the seven ages of man, features two grown-up actors playing babies in perambulators. We are to understand that their talk is intelligible to the audience and to each other, but not to their nursemaids. And from their straining interchanges we get a sense of infancy as a time of frantic receptivity to the nature of the world. And it is Mr. Wilder's lament that adults deliberately exert every effort to slow down their learning process and even subvert it by feeding them unimportant information which will exhaust them into quietude. While the satire on the adults is not very effective, the unbabylike baby talk is entertaining and penetrates momentarily what may be the painful truth of infancy.

Although "Childhood," from the same cycle, is also a glimpsing thing, it has more shape and complication. In this episode, we meet three children torn between their urge to have the freedom and adventure they believe they might have if their parents should suddenly die, and their need for the security and comfort a family provides. Somewhat like Emily in "Our Town," one of the parents asks to be an invisible witness to his children's fantasy game. It turns out to be a bus ride by three new orphans during which their sought-after adventures become more and more frightening, increasing their need to appreciate their parents, with, of course, strong reservations. "Papa wasn't perfeck, but he would never have done a *mortgage,*" says one of them lovally. By the end of the play the children have abandoned their excursion to return home. But their invisible father has heard himself devastatingly assessed as "a very fine man who *tried,* only . . . he didn't ever say anything very inneresting."

Mr. Wilder seems to have no great hope that relations between children and adults will ever be much different, but he staked out in this charade an area in which we are aware of both the mirages of more ideal relationships and our pitifully poor chances of ever reaching them.

The final play, "Someone from Assissi," is one of a second projected cycle of seven on the deadly sins. It is subtitled "Lust" and creates an imaginary incident in the life of St. Francis. It implies that a crazy woman, named Mona Lucrezia, has been driven mad by an adulterous love affair with St. Francis, undertaken before he became a monk. It is further suggested that, like the protagonist of "Ross," St. Francis could resist his carnal desires only by completely avoiding sources of temptation, and that his strong self-discipline was made necessary by the fear of his own weakness. In the play the monk meets Mona by chance, and in one startlingly lucid speech she states the contradictions of sanctity to him by saying, "It is fear that has driven love out of the world and only a man without fear can bring it back."

What Mr. Wilder may be driving at is that it is the degree of courage and wisdom exercised by men, as they voluntarily face the results of the unhappiness they have caused others, that alone brings the beatific joy carnal love can only temporarily imitate.

Under Mr. Quintero's direction, the three playlets abound with life and emotion, and the action is frequently absorbing. Nevertheless, the possibility exists that these impulsive little playlets, written specially for this stage and this style of presentation, might have fared better on the old-fashioned proscenium stage Mr. Wilder has rejected. For Mr. Wilder seems not to be the sort of writer who is satisfied with achieving the evocative and ever-deepening explorations of human emotional crises that constitute theatre-in-the-round's most fruitful area of work. Rather, he appears to enjoy making a variety of points deftly and to bound away from one to the next as freely as possible. And although this requires a nonrepresentational fluidity, a sceneryless proscenium stage can give him both this fluidity and the specificity of focus particularly helpful to plays that are primarily reflective demonstrations. "Plays for Bleecker Street" seem just that. They break no new ground, and have no great insistency. They are gamboling Thornton Wilder creations that will delight you in direct proportion to your capacity to enjoy the remarkable man and mind behind them.

—HENRY HEWES.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Our Man in the Ozone—1. Through the Suburbs

—TWA

Rome—"a city that rarely fails to cheer."

BY THE time I was ready to ride out to Idlewild the other night, a place I use the way some people use a revolving door, I had been at work for some ten days on a flight plan that would put me in orbit on a path about five miles above the earth. There would be occasional touchdowns on the way, and these I tried to arrange at places that had not been previously reported here by your agent. Or at least recently.

Getting out of Europe and into Asia, where I have been particularly eager to report from Angkor Wat, Taipei, and Macao, is like trying to get out of New York in a hurry. You end up rolling through the same suburbs on the same highway. So it was that I reported in at TWA's temporary terminal—that stone bird of a departure station which Saarinen designed before he died will not open until April—and waited for the plane that would become Flight No. 800, bound for Paris and Rome, to extricate itself from the snows of Chicago. Alas, that mess in which Chicago aviation has gotten itself ensnarled—O'Hare Field is a monstrous tangle of traffic at best—becomes a hopeless knot in bad weather. There wasn't enough gate space cleared of snow at O'Hare to get a passenger on or off a plane, so the million-dollar propless 600-mile-an-hour marvel was held at Kansas City until someone manned the shovels at Chicago.

It didn't seem like less of an irony when the pilot, Captain George Duvall, once he had gotten his mitts on the Boeing in New York and headed it for Paris, announced a flight of five hours and forty-five minutes, or about one hour less than schedule. We roared off down the east coast of Long Island and headed up toward Nova Scotia, feeling for the winds that were anticipated at better than 100 miles an hour.

In that everlasting *concours* to provide a more glittering first-class service, TWA, which in years gone by had not been noted for it, has lately developed a regular sybarite's express. Several days before departure I had found myself in telephone conversation with an earnest young man who beseeched me for my preference for dinner the night of the flight, rattling off half a dozen choices any one of which would have tempted César Ritz. But the menu, which began with caviar and turtle soup with sherry, also included, for such ascetics as me who think airline food is too rich, a short-order selection of hamburgers, hot dogs, and milk shakes. Heavens, what else would you want if you're to be nailed to a chair for half of a waking day? And besides, who can resist the impertinence of ordering the hamburger after having begun with a ladle of Beluga, and a deck of dry toast, and a small vase of vodka?

Once the passengers were inextricably hemmed in by tables, glassware, and other necessities for gorging one's way across the Atlantic, the steward moved up and down the aisles snapping Polaroid photographs which were later pasted into a souvenir folder and presented as mementos. I'm not sure the businessmen care, but then most businessmen are being dispatched between continents these days in tourist quarters. To remove further tedium (why didn't they think of all these divertissements back when it took sixteen piston hours to cross the bloody sea?) passengers are invited to participate in a navigation game. Given the mileage (3,175) and the true air speed (543), and an estimation of the winds at anywhere from plus fifty-five miles per hour to plus 157 mph, one is asked to figure the arrival over landfall at Brest. In case anyone was less than totally engrossed in this problem, Captain Duvall shortly embarked, over the loudspeaker, on a rather moving travelogue about Sable Island, which was fifty miles off our course at the moment. It is a place, he was saying, that harbors tribes of wild horses descended from one of the 400 ships that have foundered on its shoals. Domestic stallions, sent in to start a cross-breed, were kicked to death. Hay bales dropped by the Royal Canadian Air Force during some lean months were kicked apart and blown to the wind by these proud horses.

Captain Duvall made it all sound so intriguing and dramatic that I was moved to seek him out later on. He gives his lectures off the cuff, culling the material from magazines. He can perform with equal eloquence on the Aegean Islands and Greenland, and in fact promised us a few words on Mont St. Michel and Chartres, over which we would soon be flying. With the tables cleared, the travelogue done, and the

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estimates estimated, there was nothing left to do but start the movie which TWA has lately installed on its European flights. It was thirty minutes after midnight on my watch, which was still carrying New York time, when the screen over the aisle suddenly came alive with a colorful South Seas scene. The earphones were plugged in between the chairs and by turning a volume control, my eustachian tubes were shortly caressed by the mellifluity of Jean Pierre Aumont. Shortly thereafter I was presented with the spectre of Spencer Tracy, a troubled priest in the tropics, and finally, six and a half miles above the Atlantic on a dark night, I was assailed by the spectre of Frank Sinatra in chains, yet, still bucking authority. The sound was passing fair, and the screen, which is two feet by four feet, weighs only three pounds. Nonetheless, it was able to sustain the film, "The Devil at Four O'Clock," which wasn't much heavier.

One could, of course, turn off the sound in the headphones and disappear under a blanket to get a little sleep—Paris, to which we were now heading at the enormous speed of better than 750 miles an hour, was already up and about—but when I tried it I was faced with the gnawing uncertainty of how things were progressing up there in that celluloid palmville. In the end I had to put my phones back on my head and stay with the picture until *finis*, later being required to query the man across the aisle about what happened on the screen during my brief attempt at sleep.

I undershot the Brest landfall by eleven minutes, but fortunately the captain chose to rely on his own navigator. Duvall broke into a hurried and, I suspect, abridged version of his Mont St. Michel lecture—the abbey was under the overcast anyway—and I did hear a few fleeting words about Chartres while I was trying to find my shoes. Paris came up green and sunny and we slid into Orly still somewhat *en retarde*, but smoothly all the same, and thoroughly entertained. I could scarcely have felt better had I been asleep in a berth all the way. The tourist-class passengers, having dined simply, were asleep early, and would, I was sure, be able to face the morrow better than I.

Having held forth at considerable length over the glories of Gaul most of the fall in this space, I had earlier decided to push through for a brief rest at Rome before striking into the east. There is little I feel I need record about Paris beyond saying that its new airport, which I had dawdled in only a few months before, is an altogether civilized place to wait between planes, and its heavily carpeted transit lounge,

(Continued on page 38)

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Report from the Congo

Continued from page 16

Lumumba's party tallied enough votes in the general elections to make Lumumba the leading candidate for chief of state, but enough of the other parties pooled their strength to challenge his national leadership. Joseph Kasavubu, as head of the ABAKO (Federalist) party, pitted himself against Lumumba. In fact, with only one week to go before independence, Lumumba and Kasavubu each claimed to have a fully formed government ready to run the country. The newly formed Parliament broke the impasse. Kasavubu was elected President and Lumumba was appointed Premier.

Five days later a free but sick Congo was born.

King Baudouin came to Leopoldville to take part in the official celebration. It lasted four days. Public elation, such as it was, seemed well under control, at least on the surface. Whether the Congolese were emotionally exhausted by the densely packed events leading to independence or whether they kept their joy to themselves, the ceremonies in the Congo seemed somewhat matter-of-fact.

On July 4 the fireworks began. In Equator province, workers went on strike because the pre-election promises of the government had not yet been met, though the government was less than a week old. A handful of people were killed when troops fired into a crowd.

The next day, tribal warfare broke out in Kasai province. Hundreds of homes were burned.

On July 6 chaos hit the armed forces. Belgian officers had remained at their posts, in keeping with the agreement with the new government. But all at once the army disintegrated. A large part of the 35,000-man force decided to fend for itself. The Belgians had failed to train Congolese to be officers, and thousands of soldiers became men on the loose with guns. Most of the Belgian officers fled for their lives. The Congolese government was unequal to the job of controlling its own army.

Now the disorders spread to the civilian population. The many thousands of whites still in the Congo—not only Belgian but American, English, French, German, Scandinavian, Italian, etc., many of them in the diplomatic service—tried desperately to evacuate. The combination of panic or near-panic among the whites and lawlessness among the Congolese produced a dangerously volatile situation. The atmosphere was one of terror as reports spread of looting, beatings, and rape in various cities.

At this point, units of the regular Belgian army went into action in an attempt to restore order. Paratroopers were dropped into the rioting areas. And now the Congolese government itself became panicky, fearing that the Belgians had come back to stay.

In the midst of all the pandemonium, Moise Tshombe announced the secession of Katanga. Furthermore, he said he welcomed the presence of Belgian troops and was asking Brussels for more. He also said he was asking Belgium to maintain its economic connections in Katanga. This was the first clear reference to the fact that the vast mining operations, in which the Belgian government owned a direct large interest, would continue to play a key and perhaps dominant role in Katanga.

This meant that the greatest single source of revenue for the central government would now be abruptly cut off. The Union Minière mines in Katanga accounted for more than fifty million dollars of government income. All this would now go to Katanga.

Confronted with civil war, secession, bankruptcy, tribal conflict, rioting, a mutinous army, attacks on whites, and the grim prospect of Belgium's return, the Congo government called on the United States for military help.

President Eisenhower said he was mindful of the Congo's difficulties but thought it inadvisable for any of the large powers to send troops.

Belgian paratroopers were able to restore a reasonable degree of order in many of the areas where the whites were in jeopardy, but the effect on the Congo government was far from calming. For with each additional Belgian soldier on Congo soil, there was a geometric increase in Premier Lumumba's anxiety. He feared he might never get them out again. Hence his vigorous demands that the Belgian forces withdraw. The demands were ignored. The paratroopers continued to attempt to stop the looting and chase down the mutineers.

And now the Soviet Union came onto the stage, vigorously identifying itself with Lumumba's demand for full withdrawal by Belgium. There was more than a hint in the Soviet pronouncement that it intended to stay very close to the Congo situation.

Washington warned Moscow to stay out.

Other nations, large and small, now involved themselves in the debate. The ordeal of the Congo was no longer a purely African question. Like Spain in 1936, Korea in 1951, and Laos in 1960, Congo had all the raw materials for igniting multiple war.

The total situation of the Congo worsened by the hour. On July 12, Premier Lumumba formally and urgently appealed to the United Nations for military help against Belgian "aggression." He said nothing about the internal anarchy but it seemed clear he wanted to deprive Belgium of any justification for keeping troops in the Congo.

IN NEW YORK, the Security Council debated the request within a few hours after it was received. It was argued that U.N. action in the Congo would represent an intrusion into internal affairs. The counterargument was that affairs in the Congo now constituted a specific threat to world peace. Unless the U.N. acted boldly and promptly, it was said, it would be confronted with the need to risk countless thousands of lives in a Korea-type action. The request for military aid to Congo was voted by the U.N. on July 14, less than two days after the Congo request.

The Belgians assured the U.N. they would withdraw their forces if the United Nations could restore order.

Secretary Dag Hammarskjold had to act swiftly to implement the resolution. He knew that Communist China had volunteered to put its troops at the disposal of Patrice Lumumba. He was also aware that Lumumba had been in communication with the Soviet Union on the matter of military assistance.

Hammarskjold ordered a group of U.N. officials, then stationed in Jerusalem and the Gaza strip to superintend the truce between Egypt and Israel, to Leopoldville. He sent urgent requests to the African nations for fully trained troops who would form a U.N. Police Force in the Congo. Meanwhile the U.N.'s ace trouble-shooter, the American Nobel Laureate, Ralph J. Bunche, was already in Leopoldville in connection with the independence ceremonies. Bunche was assigned to the job of superintending the U.N. action. John McDiarmid, from the U.N.'s staff, became Bunche's executive assistant.

The first troops for the U.N. Army arrived on July 15. Within two days a total of almost 3,000 troops assembled on Congo soil—from Ghana, Guinea, Morocco, Sweden, Tunisia, and Mali—to be augmented later by crack units from Ethiopia, Ireland, and India. Most of them were flown in by mammoth Globemaster planes made available by the United States. President Eisenhower also authorized U.S. help in a massive air-lift operation to fly in food.

Day by day, the U.N. forces built up to an eventual total of 19,000 men. The Belgian forces gradually withdrew, except from Katanga, where they were welcome.

The U.N.'s first job was to stop the random violence

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wherever it existed—whether it took the form of tribal warfare, marauding armed soldiers who had mutinied, attacks on whites, or looting and destruction of property. It was a mammoth undertaking. The Congo covers an area almost as large as Western Europe. Each city had to be policed. Tribal uprisings could occur anywhere.

The U.N. did what it could to keep the entire Congo from going up in smoke. It was able to create enough law and order to make life and property reasonably secure, at least in the cities. But it could not dictate the national and provincial political stability which alone makes an ordered society possible. Nor could it prevent tribal violence and pillaging, resulting in death or homelessness for many thousands of Congolese. And coping with a mutinous army was like trying to meet the danger of fire after thousands of a nation's fire fighters have turned arsonists.

Yet the signal fact is that the general anarchy was brought to an end. And the danger that chaos in the Congo would result in big-power intervention and war was checked, though it has yet to be removed altogether.

The U.N. military operation, however, was just one side of a total Congo undertaking, though necessarily the larger one. The other side has to do with the total workings of a national society. Ralph Bunche quickly recognized that the business of establishing law and order called for more than policemen. The economy had to be restored. Goods had to be manufactured, shipped, or imported. Banks had to function. Schools and hospitals had to be reopened and staffed. Power installations had to be manned. Food had to be planted and harvested. Roads had to be reopened or rebuilt; buses put back in running order; planes serviced; radio facilities made operable. Thousands of refugees had to be given shelter, food, medicine.

This quickly became a vital part of the U.N.'s mission in the Congo, though it never got into the headlines.

The U.N. mobilized experts from all over the world. It brought in industrial engineers, administrators, sanitation specialists, financial and trade experts, doctors, nurses, hospital administrators, mechanics, professors, teachers, farmers, builders, refugee specialists.

IN GENERAL, the nonmilitary program was divided into four broad parts.

The first was to meet the emergency situations, i.e., putting U. N. experts or technicians to work immediately in government departments as advisors, operating the hospitals, setting up famine relief facilities, caring for refugees, opening up lines of transportation and communication, etc.

The second was to set up an emergency training program under which Congolese could take over jobs in government.

The third was to lay the groundwork of a national system of education from elementary schools right through the university, with emphasis on the training of teachers, engineers, agricultural specialists, and doctors.

The fourth was to repair and develop the economy. This involved an almost infinite variety of projects—all the way from building drainage canals and roads to reconstructing pig-breeding stations and putting bulldozers back in working order. It meant meeting the perilous unemployment problem and reopening trade between the Congo and the rest of the world.

Obviously, the U.N. didn't do all these things as soon as it came into the Congo. But it had to draw up its plans right away and move into action without delay. For police action would be meaningless unless the basic problems of food, jobs, schools, hospitals, and a functioning economy could be met.

Meanwhile, however, the political situation in the Congo was unbelievably muddled and explosive in the early days following independence. Patrice Lumumba was making inflammatory and irresponsible speeches, some of them against the U.N. He complained that the U.N. was not getting the Belgians out of the Congo fast enough and he threatened to call on the Soviet Union for help. He also wanted the U.N. to invade Katanga. At one point on July 20, the Congolese Parlament was so appalled by his actions that it censored him for "communist-leaning dictatorial demands and ultimatums."

Lumumba tried to deal with the problem of mutiny in the national army by buying the services of the soldiers. He kept upping the pay until the weekly offer exceeded the amount many Congolese earned in a full year.

Other contenders for power joined the bidding. Attempting to collect a personal army out of the large reservoir of soldiers-on-the-loose became standard operating procedure for would-be generals or political leaders. In some instances, the going pay exceeded the salary scale of the U. S. Army. This competition for soldiers was but another irrational element in a situation already peppered with Alice in Wonderland qualities.

Lumumba's flamboyant manner and his habit of personalizing the business of government added to the general disintegration. Since he made little distinction between the government and himself, some of the provincial leaders tended to regard him accordingly. Their dislike for Lumumba carried over to the central government.

The break-away of Katanga was followed by the secession of part of the Kasai province. Albert Kalonji, with a small army he had hired on the open market, set himself up as King of South Kasai. Both in South Kasai and Katanga, hundreds of Belgians were returning to important government and military posts.

And now the large northeast province of Oriental became shaky. For a time no one really seemed to know whether it was in or out.

The infection spread and the adjoining province of Kivu also decided to go its own way, at least to the extent of keeping all revenues that would ordinarily go to the central government at Leopoldville.

Thus, within a couple of months after independence, the fragmentation was well advanced, with four of the six Congo provinces in varying stages of separation. In at least two of the four, Belgians were again in prime positions of authority. The central government found itself with a sharply increased budget—to pay for the army and all the relief and reconstruction projects—but with only a fraction of the anticipated income from the provinces.

By the end of August, through personal arrangement between Lumumba and the Soviet government, 100 Russian trucks and ten Russian planes were placed at Lumumba's disposal for use in the civil war with South Kasai.

The rift between Premier Lumumba and President Kasavubu steadily widened. Kasavubu became increasingly apprehensive about Lumumba's opposition to the U. N., his arrogation of authority beyond the Constitution, his dealings with the Soviet Union, and the build-up of a personal political machine.

On September 5, Kasavubu declared that Lumumba had brought the Congo to a point of almost total dissolution and that he, Kasavubu, exercising the same authority under which he had appointed Lumumba to the Premiership, was now dismissing him.

One hour later, Lumumba dismissed Kasavubu.

Thus the central government, involved in civil war struggles on four fronts, itself became a battleground between Kasavubu and Lumumba. Fighting crowds, upholding one man or the other, swarmed through the streets. Lumumba turned to the Soviet Union for help. Kasavubu turned to the United Nations. Belgium speeded up its arms shipments to Katanga. Soviet fighter planes tried to land in Leopoldville but were turned back by Kasavubu forces.

No one quite knew what government was in command or

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where. Two separate delegations from the Congo, each claiming to represent the government, arrived at the United Nations in New York. The United States stepped up its mammoth air lift of troops and food to U. N. authorities in the Congo.

A few days later, the thirty-one-year-old head of the national Congo army. General Joseph Mobutu, announced he was reorganizing the government, was putting both Lumumba and Kasavubu on the sidelines, was ordering all Soviet diplomats and personnel to get out of the country within twenty-four hours, and was forming a provisional "College of Commissioners" to run the country until things calmed down.

Lumumba promptly ordered Mobutu's arrest. Mobutu ordered Lumumba's arrest. When the smoke cleared, Mobutu was still the head of the army and Lumumba was in custody. Lumumba stayed that way until sometime in January, 1961, when he was sent to Katanga. He never came out alive.

Meanwhile, following the jailing of Lumumba in September, 1960, Antoine Gizenga announced that, as Vice Premier, he was now Lumumba's legitimate successor as chief of state. He made his claims, however, from his stronghold in Stanleyville, in the remote province of Oriental, and showed extreme reluctance to assume his office in Leopoldville. He seized the various assets of the national government then in Stanleyville. Like Lumumba, he seemed to feel that the only important sympathetic outside attention he could get was from the Soviet Union.

In Leopoldville, General Mobutu continued on the course he set for himself. He staffed his College of Commissioners with the best-educated young men he could find. He reorganized the army, made progress in the war against the secessionists, then announced that he was relinquishing his authority and restoring the government to its constitutional status. President Kasavubu resumed the post of President and appointed Joseph Ileo, a former department store clerk, as Premier. Ileo failed to command enough support in Parliament and in the country as a whole and was eventually replaced by Cyrille Adoula, a forty-one-year-old moderate.

Adoula, a former businessman and bank clerk, had somehow managed during all this time to steer an even course through all the ice floes and glaciers, not only coming out alive politically, but retaining the respect of almost all the key figures and factions involved in the Congo currents—Gizenga and Tshombe not excluded. Indeed, Tshombe, at the height of his opposition to the central government, found it possible to pay tribute to Adoula's fairness and integrity.

THE early months of 1961 furnished the first hopes, however thin and tentative, that the Congo might make it as a nation, after all. The rebellion in Kasai had been put down; Kivu had been brought back into the government; Gizenga in Oriental had toned down considerably his once-strident claims as Lumumba's heir; many of the marauding soldiers had been reintegrated into a central army; and young Congolese trained by the U.N. in government courses were now being "graduated" into key administrative posts.

Equally important, the work of U.N. specialists and technicians in restoring the economy of the Congo was now beginning to bear fruit. The U.N. had put many old roads back into commission and was opening up new ones. Telecommunications were now functioning again. The airport was in full operation. Thousands of units of farm machinery had been repaired by the U.N. and were now in full use. Thanks to the U.N. the threat of widespread famine was fast receding, the schools were now on a regular schedule, manned by hundreds of school supervisors and teachers recruited by the U.N. from all over the world. Other schools—on the secondary and college level—were being planned and built.

The problem of outbreaks had not been completely solved. All at once, for no apparent reason, violence would flare up in one place or another. There would be isolated massacres of civilians or missionaries and tribal uprisings. But these were now decreasing both in severity and frequency.

All in all, there was a general air of optimism about the prospects of the Congo—not just in Leopoldville but at United Nations headquarters in New York. It seemed like a good time to turn all energies to the number one problem—national unity.

A reconciliation conference was held outside the Congo, on the island of Madagascar, in May, 1961. All the political leaders attended—Tshombe, Gizenga, and Kalonji included. It was agreed that the Congo would become a confederation with authority in all matters of common interest. It would issue currency, levy and collect taxes, maintain a central army, make foreign policy, etc. Further, it was agreed that an implementing conference would be held in June, inside the Congo, at Coquilhatville, Equator province.

THE Coquilhatville meeting hit a snag when Tshombe retreated from the Madagascar agreement. In particular, he wanted a lot more autonomy for Katanga than a national government could permit. The matter of tax revenue from the Belgian-controlled Union Minière operations was another big question. Tshombe seemed unwilling to relinquish the $50,000,000 annually paid him by the mining company. When Tshombe refused to take further part in the discussions, he was arrested at the order of Kasavubu, kept in a Coquilhatville prison for two weeks, then sent to Leopoldville, where he was confined to house arrest.

Toward the end of July, Tshombe said he had changed his mind and would abide by the Coquilhatville agreement. He signed a statement to that effect and was released; he returned to Katanga where he promptly denounced the agreement, declaring he had signed it under duress.

Once again the Congo fever began to rise. The United States became apprehensive about the increasing danger that all the gains of recent months would dissolve in the heat of new secessionist activity, led by Tshombe in the south and Gizenga in the north. For secession inevitably meant nationwide disintegration and this in turn meant that the Congo might be up for grabs in an international free-for-all. The Soviet had clearly indicated a prime interest in the Congo; in fact, the appearance of Mr. Khrushchev at the 1960 session of the U.N. General Assembly was a direct reflection of the importance attached by the Soviet Union to the emergence of the new independent African nations. And the Congo—literally, politically, geographically—was the heart of Africa.

One way or another, a divided and disintegrating Congo might either become a Soviet sphere of influence or repeat the tragic experience of Korea. The United States lent its full support, therefore, to the effort of the United Nations to pacify the Congo, reunite it, and strengthen it for the long ordeal of independence.

In this connection, it seems clear that the Soviet Union made a serious miscalculation in its assessment of U.S. policy in the Congo. The Soviet apparently believed that any showdown situation in Africa would find the United States siding with the imperialist powers. Indeed, at the core of Soviet propaganda activities in Africa was the attempt to make it appear that the United States had no real sympathy for the emerging nations. Soviet radio programs beamed at Africa made every effort to link secessionist Katanga with American policy. Everything was made to fit together snugly in the Soviet ideological analysis. Union Minière was one of the biggest capitalist enterprises in the world. It produced an important part of the world's total supply of copper, uranium, cobalt, and manganese. It did so by the sweat of African labor. It was owned in large part by one of the im-

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perialist powers. It was the quintessence of everything the socially conscious African was against. It was inevitable, the Soviet ideologists seemed convinced, that the United States would go down the line with its European imperialist allies, thus dramatizing the role of the Soviet as the sole champion of the African peoples against enslavement and exploitation.

This analysis represented—and perhaps still represents—a mammoth Soviet miscalculation. For the United States has committed itself to an independent Africa in general and a united Congo in particular, making their own decisions about their own resources. Not that the U.S. decision was an easy one. The Congo posed one of the most complex dilemmas in American foreign policy since the end of the Second World War. If we went against our allies in Africa, there was a danger of weakening our position in Europe, where NATO had to serve as the main structural prop of whatever common defense could be established. But if we supported European interference in Africa, we would alienate not only Africa but a large part of Asia, clear the way for Soviet influence, and increase the chances of a senseless and tragic war. The decision was made to support an independent Congo.

British and French interests were involved in Union

A Brief Who's Who in the Congo

JOSEPH KASAVUBU, forty-five years old, President of the central government. Well educated by Congo standards, Kasavubu entered the administration in 1942 with the Department of Finance and was president of the moderate Abako Party until his election as first President of the Congo in 1960. He dismissed Premier Patrice Lumumba in September 1960.

CYRILLE ADOULA, forty-one years old, Premier. An early advocate of Congolese independence, Adoula was first vice president of Lumumba's National Congo Movement Party at its foundation but later broke away. As a Senator from Equator Province, he denounced the Congo's virulent racial hatred. Generally respected by almost all the other political leaders.

ANTOINE GIZENGA, thirty-five years old, ex-Vice Premier. Self-styled successor to leftist Patrice Lumumba, Gizenga has attempted to establish his own government at Stanleyville, where he is currently under arrest after censure by the central government. Gizenga's army has recently been involved in fighting far outside the borders of his Oriental province.

JOSEPH MOBUTU, thirty-one years old, Commander-in-Chief of the Congolese National Army. A former newspaper editor, General Mobutu has strong convictions. When the confusion in the central government reached a peak, Mobutu stepped in, suspended the Constitution, arrested Lumumba. When affairs calmed down, he restored the Constitution.

MOISE TSHOMBE, forty-three years old, President of Katanga. A member of one of the Congo's richest families, Tshombe announced Katanga's secession on July 11, 1960, and was declared its President. Arrested for high treason early last year, he was freed after signing an accord with the central government, which he promptly repudiated on his return to Katanga.

ALBERT KALONJI, thirty-two years old, Chief of South Kasai. A former accountant and journalist, Kalonji entered politics in 1958 as co-founder of the National Congolese Progress Movement that fused with the Lumumba movement at its inception, but he later split with Lumumba and proceeded to create the state of South Kasai, giving himself the title of King.

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Minière. Along with the Belgians, they feared that if Katanga were reintegrated into the Congo, the central government might nationalize the mines. Even a separate Katanga, however, had its difficulties. Moishe Tshombe had undeniable leadership qualities; he was intelligent, resourceful, determined. He enjoyed the full confidence of the Lunda people in Southern Katanga. But the Lundas were only one-third of the population of Katanga. The remaining two-thirds consisted mostly of Baluba tribesmen, traditional enemies of the Lundas. In any general election or test of self-determination in Katanga, victory for Tshombe was far from automatic.

It would be highly risky to include Baluba troops in any Katanga army. In building a fighting force, therefore, Tshombe had to hire foreign officers and advisors, some of them Belgian, some of them French officers and soldiers who had once served in Algeria. These mercenaries never numbered more than several hundred, but they were a fighting elite.

Meanwhile, some 3,000 United Nations troops were already in Katanga on the same basis as elsewhere—to prevent rioting and looting and maintain order. Maintenance of law and order in Katanga, however, was far less a problem than in the other provinces, certainly as far as relations between whites and blacks were concerned. Tribal clashes between Balubas and Lundas were troublsome, to be sure, but even here, U.N. troops and Katanga forces often worked side by side to keep tribal disorders or rioting in check.

With each passing month, the United Nations became increasingly concerned about the Katanga mercenaries, who, as the U.N. saw it, added to the risk of a full-scale war between the central government and the province. For Leopoldville had been badly stung by Tshombe's habit of agreeing in principle to the need for Congo unity, then going into reverse the moment he returned to Katanga.

Dag Hammarskjold used the full weight of his office against any military showdown. The U.N., however, did strengthen the Secretary General's hand with a resolution calling upon Tshombe to get rid of his mercenaries. Tshombe refused.

Then began a series of incidents between U.N. and Katanga troops. For their inception, the blame is at least evenly divided. The attacks on U.N. personnel in nearby Kivu may have made some U.N. troops jittery. On one occasion, U.N. forces reacted sharply to a Katanganese provocation. This was followed by a campaign of harassment against the U.N. forces. Tshombe did nothing to ease the tension when he inflamed the people against the U.N., proclaiming that each citizen had the solemn duty to kill a U.N. soldier. The U.N. responded by strengthening its patrols. Several clashes took place.

Dag Hammarskjold left New York for the Congo on September 9. He and his aides were killed when their plane crashed on September 17 just outside the Katanga border, five miles from Ndola, Rhodesia. The cause of the crash has yet to be fully ascertained.

The clashes between the U.N. and Tshombe subsided—at least for the time being. Then, in December, 1961, they broke out again, this time with increased severity. The fighting never reached the dimensions of a full military engagement—total casualties on both sides never exceeded several hundred—but the danger of wider involvement increased almost daily. More mercenaries and arms arrived in Katanga.

Tshombe said he would be willing to meet with Adoula to discuss the problem of peace in the Congo. He wanted assurances of personal safety, however, and appealed to President John F. Kennedy for his assistance in facilitating a safe round trip to Kitona, near Leopoldville, where the meeting would be held.

President Kennedy telephoned the U.S. Ambassador Edmund A. Gullion, at Leopoldville. He instructed Gullion to escort Tshombe personally from Elisabethville to the conference table in Kitona and provide for his safe return. The *Columbine*, the four-engine plane used for national security purposes, was placed at the Ambassador's disposal.

Both sides stopped shooting on December 19. The same day, Ambassador Gullion took off for Ndola, in Rhodesia, where he met Tshombe.

In talking to Tshombe, it quickly became apparent to the American Ambassador that the meeting with Adoula might not eventuate. Tshombe asked for all sorts of concessions and assurances that Gullion was in no position to give. President Tshombe threatened to withdraw. Ambassador Gullion stood firm. After several hours of deadlock, Tshombe finally agreed to take off for Kitona.

The Kitona meeting lasted more than two full days. The participants worked around the clock, taking only brief periods for snatches of sleep, and eating at the conference table. There were tense and difficult stretches. But Adoula and Tshombe got along well. Finally, eight points were agreed upon. In essence, the provided that Katanga would end its secession, get rid of its mercenaries, send its representatives and senators to Parliament in accordance with the Constitution, and proceed in other ways to play its full role in an integrated Congo. Tshombe insisted that any agreement was subject to full consideration and ratification by his Parliament and Cabinet.

Tshombe flew back safely to Elisabethville in the *Columbine*. Ambassador Gullion returned to Leopoldville and telephoned the President the good news about Kitona—and kept his fingers crossed. Then Gullion went to bed for the first time in four days.

TWO days later, in Elisabethville, Tshombe saw reporters and virtually repudiated Kitona; he said he had been coerced by Ambassador Gullion.

The same day, Soviet Ambassador Valerian A. Zorin denounced the American role at Kitona for exactly the opposite reason. Ambassador Gullion, he charged, was actually serving Tshombe's interests.

These contradictory charges, from the extremes of left and right, were equally false and tended to be self-canceling.

Adoula served notice on Tshombe that he expected the latter to make good on the Kitona agreement. The central army went on the move against Tshombe.

Tshombe began to implement the agreements. By mid-January, the only major point outstanding concerned the mercenaries. Adoula made clear he would hold his ground.

Meanwhile, Adoula also moved against Gizenga. It seems likely that Tshombe had raised questions at Kitona about the separatist activities of Gizenga, as well as Gizenga's nominal post as Vice Premier of the national government. It seems equally likely that Adoula declared that Katanga would be asked to make no commitments that would not also apply to Oriental. Moreover, the central government had every intention of apprehending Gizenga as part of the reuniting of the Congo. The action against Gizenga was successfully completed by January 20.

What about Tshombe's future? One quickly learns in the Congo not to make predictions about anything that might happen a month later, or even on the morrow. Yet it is not inconceivable that the end of Katanga's secession, if it happens without major military action, might be accompanied by Tshombe's appointment to the Adoula Cabinet, perhaps as Finance Minister.

The ordeal in the Congo is far from over. But the main elements of a federated, independent Congo at peace are visible at long last. If it should happen, the United States would achieve its most notable foreign policy success in at least ten years. And the United Nations, now in a crisis of confidence, would have an infusion of new hope created by the single most notable service in its sixteen-year history. No man in the world would have been more gratified by such an outcome than Mr. Hammarskjold.

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Ideas

Continued from page 23

find valid, baffling, exasperating), I know of no better volume to which to turn.

The papers are divided into three groups, which deal respectively with religious symbols, faith, and meaning and truth in theology.

The first group focuses on Paul Tillich's theory of religious symbols, succinctly summarized by Professor Tillich himself in his opening paper. There is little disagreement with Mr. Tillich's contention that symbols point beyond themselves to things which cannot be directly grasped but must be represented indirectly; and that some of the power of the things to which symbols point rubs off onto the symbols themselves, much as the respect in which a nation is held devolves onto its official representatives.

Interest picks up when Mr. Tillich claims (1) that the true God to whom religious symbols should point is not one being among others but instead a quality of all being, and (2) that the only nonsymbolic—*i.e.* literally accurate—statement that can be made about this God is that he is "being itself." The first claim brings down on its author the charge of atheism (Sidney Hook, New York University); the second, the charge that "being itself" is a phrase too empty to provide criteria for determining whether the symbols which purport to represent the true God actually do so. "If being-itself does not admit of any characterization as this rather than that, there is no ground for considering one sort of attitude or feeling more appropriate to it than another" (William Alston, University of Michigan).

Part Two, on faith, pivots on the opening paper by H. Richard Niebuhr of Yale. Like Tillich's, it is a gem: indeed, I know of no better brief analyses of either religious symbols or faith than the papers that open these two sections of this book. As one would expect, most of the ensuing discussion in this second section concerns the relation of faith to reason, with science often serving as reason's archetype. Can science ever say anything for or against religious faith? Does science rest on faith too? If so, is its faith of the same sort as that of religion? The questions soon become as numerous as the tiny pieces of those enormous jigsaw puzzles designed for sea voyages and snowbound weekends, and as difficult to assemble. But they are the right questions, and the service of a symposium such as this is to spread them out, not to work the puzzle.

Whereas the first two parts revolve around statements by theologians, a philosopher (Paul Ziff of the University of Pennsylvania) leads off in the third. Immediately we are in a different world, the world that tends to come into focus about three-fourths of the time when the philosophers rather than the theologians are writing. This general, though by no means absolute, contrast between the world of the theologians and that of the philosophers is the most interesting single feature of the book. The major differences between them are the following:

First, for the philosophers the word "God" tends to conjure up an image of one being among others, whereas for the theologians it refers to an aspect of all being. Thus for the philosophers the primary theological question is, Does such a being exist?, whereas for the theologian it is, What are the most basic attributes of being in general? The theologians think the "God" the philosophers are talking about, being merely "part of the furniture of the universe" (Cyril Richardson, Union Theological Seminary), is an idol, while the philosophers think the theologians don't know what they are talking about at all.

Second, whereas the theologians regard religious faith as *sui generis*, the philosophers approach it as if it should be susceptible of being analyzed into other, more mundane, varieties—faith that the sun will rise tomorrow, that the doctor knows best, that my friends will not let me down, etc. Thus to the theologian the philosopher is a reductionist, while to the philosopher the theologian's refusal to concede the equivalence of faith sacred to faiths profane involves him in "a peculiar chain of stretching and shifting the use and reference of the term faith . . . leaving philosophical discussion in more or less frustration" (Paul Schmidt, Oberlin College).

Third, the philosophers want objective evidence for beliefs, whereas the theologians feel that such evidence is powerless to establish basic outlooks or upset them. This leaves the philosophers feeling that the theologians have cleared the ground for believing anything they please, and leaves the theologians regarding the philosophers as naïve in supposing that their outlooks are more objectively grounded.

This is a fascinating, important, and difficult set of differences. "Religious Experience and Truth" does not move far toward resolving them, but it moves in the right direction. It has been a long time since philosophers have talked together as frankly and with as much involvement as they do here.

The walls of Demetrios' house in the slums of Athens are cracked. Icy winds blow right on his face while he sleeps. His blanket is threadbare. He eats one meal a day—bread dipped in oil.

Demetrios' mother has tuberculosis and is hospitalized. His father, a rag man, earns $13 a month. Demetrios does not pray for a blanket or more food. He prays to grow up quickly so that he can help his parents.

XPEIAZETAI BOHΘEIA*

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Foreign Calipers on Uncle Sam

"The American Myth and the European Mind: American Studies in Europe, 1776-1960," by Sigmund Skard *(University of Pennsylvania Press. 110 pp. $4.50), probes the popular U.S. image abroad, the country's actual role in and impact on Europe's history, and the serious efforts of foreign scholars to build up a body of knowledge about our national culture. Richard H. Heindel, who is president of Pratt Institute, is a student of American influences overseas.*

By Richard H. Heindel

THIS BOOK is as important as its main title indicates; and, because of brilliance, brevity, and provocative insights based on previous lengthy studies, it is much more exciting than the scholarly subtitle might suggest. Sigmund Skard, a distinguished University of Oslo professor of literature, "especially American," undertook his earlier work as a protest against both the "myth" and European complacency. He ends his book hopefully—but I doubt whether Americans should take much comfort from the facts he carefully assembles.

"American studies" here mean the effort in Europe to build up a systematic knowledge and understanding of the United States and its civilization, and are certainly one important test of this country's implications, its "relevance," for the world and the future. To be sure, this effort, largely represented by teaching in schools and universities and by academic research, is often incredibly slow to incorporate new realities. We cannot, however, be too critical if we remember the scarcity of non-Western content in the programs of our own academic institutions. Nor can we expect foreigners to have a broader vision than our own scholars, who sorely neglect the story of American influence abroad.

In appraising the interplay of international or intercultural history—of which this volume is a fascinating part—Professor Skard might agree with me that to date systematic study and teaching in schools and universities are a minor factor in the influence, status, or evaluation of the United States. But for the long run, might they not play the decisive role?

Skard gives numerous examples, from the days of "Revolutionary Fervor" (1776-1865) to the "Second Discovery" (1945 to the present), to indicate that scholars as well as other persons have devoted attention to the United States in order to confirm their own political and social ideals. Such political conditioning may be inevitable. For example, referring to the post-1945 years in the Soviet Union and Communist-dominated Eastern Europe, Skard states, quite correctly, "As many times before in history, the attitude toward the United States appeared as a main point in the division of hostile philosophies, but now on a world scale."

The four chapters of this book bring us down to the present. What will the fifth chapter be? The author suggests that "it will depend on the position of the United States in the world, and on its spiritual leadership," and on when American studies are accepted as obviously indispensable in the formation of Europe's destiny. Perhaps it is not too gratifying to learn that American subsidies of one sort or another, such as the Fulbright exchange of scholars, may be required.

This significant book, which is so much more than a charming commentary on sometimes pedestrian scholarship, appears at a time when more and more U.S. citizens must comprehend their country in its relation to the world. It deserves a wide audience, and may inspire our own scholars to a closer examination of our impact abroad.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2. ("The Bewitched Parsonage"), 8. ("Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of His Life"), 9. ("Dante and His Circle"), 1. ("Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson"), 11. ("John Dryden: A Study of His Poetry"), 10. ("A Study of Ben Jonson"), 6. ("John Keats"), 7. ("Vachel Lindsay"), 3. ("Milton's Prosody," and others), 12. ("Christina Rossetti: A Portrait with Background"), 4. ("The Third Rose"), 5. ("Sara Teasdale").

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Continued from page 20

fication. Two sentences sum up the argument: "Selfhood is *not* wholly curtailed within the 'I'. . . . That primitive truth of the selfhood we battle against at our peril."

This dilemma of the spirit is dramatized in the personal experience of the central figure, Augustine, a young Englishman whose uniquely pitiful love affair with a German girl gives the book its shape and completeness without dependence on what is to follow. Augustine's myopic view of the many people he encounters is nearly as tragic for him as is the actual blindness that suddenly afflicts the girl he loves. What gives the novel its effect of unexampled richness is that Richard Hughes's own view of the figures glimpsed against his varied landscapes is as deep as Augustine's is shallow.

Here is one of the most amazing galleries of portraits ever to be gathered together in a book: a village coroner drinking himself into oblivion with blithe despair; a strange old lady who makes a life work of fighting off an army of cats to defend her friends, the mice; a malign female child who presides over a secret society, membership in which requires a candidate to have Knocked Down a Man; another delightfully vague little girl who rather hopes that she may turn out to be an animal; a nihilist ravening through his own diseased mind as he hides alone in the darkness of an attic—not a stereotype among them and all alight with vitality. Even Hitler is studied patiently and without rancor—so closely that one begins to see at last how a dreary, nondescript neurotic could transform himself into an earth-devouring monster.

Hughes is inspired as Tolstoy was by the compulsion to create. Everything that he touches comes to life in a gusty, laughing, tender, tragic interpretation of the weird contradictions that jostle each other so pitifully in the human heart.

The Divisions of Gaul

"The Centurions," by Jean Lartéguy, *translated by Xan Fielding (Dutton. 487 pp. $4.95), pays tribute to some French officers who, like the élite of the ancient Roman legions, fought to preserve the colonial empire while dissension and corruption wracked the homeland. Walt McCaslin, an ex-serviceman, is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By Walt McCaslin

EUROPEAN journalists are treated with more tolerance than ours when they preen themselves as serious philosophers and artists, and as a consequence are more inclined to probe the complex personalities and loyalties that can set a sequence of events into motion. After the battle dust has settled, they often as not base epic novels on their leftover notes, as Jean Lartéguy has done in "The Centurions." It may not be proper praise for a novel to cite its value as a topical reference work, but those who like to go beneath the surface of the news will find here an absorbing treatment of episodes that set the stage for today's confused military situation in North Africa.

The tale centers on a group of paratroop officers who, like the centurions of ancient Rome, become isolated in the colonies—first in Indochina, then in Algeria. After the fall of Dien-Bien-Phu they develop a powerful camaraderie during their struggle to survive Communist imprisonment.

Back in Paris after the armistice, things go badly. De Glatigny can no longer adjust to the class values he once took for granted. Esclavier is out of rapport with the salon theorizers who make up his family circle. "The army is the biggest collection of dirty dogs and idiots I've ever come across," he muses, "but it is also where you meet the most unselfish men and the most loyal friends." His politics are simple; he will fight "the savage, lawless nationalism of the Arabs" because it is excessive, just as he fought against Communism because that was excessive. The unit commander, Raspéguy, is no longer at ease in the Basque, where he once tended sheep. He is all man, this Raspéguy, but no brute; he prefers war without the killing, wishes every maneuver could be so cunning that the astonished enemy would "surrender without a fuss."

These and other restless heroes—further antagonized by Paris politics and the hidebound staff officers of their own army—finally demand a new brigade and proceed to North Africa. There they begin to apply the sinister strategy for power seizure that they learned from their Communist captors. Shortly after their arrival in Algeria, an old French officer gruffly prophesies: "Units like the one commanded by your Colonel Raspéguy are liable eventually to turn into sects which no longer fight for a country or an ideal, but only for themselves, just as a monk indulges in flagellation in order to attain paradise."

But who has betrayed whom? After the brigade has purged a team of Arab bomb-terrorists in Algiers, deputies back in Paris call for an atrocity investigation. Raspéguy is indignant:

> "Each time a cabinet officer visited our H. Q. I used to say, 'We're doing this job because your government ordered us to, but it repels and disgusts us.' Some of them pretended I was making a huge joke. Others would answer with a sanctimonious gesture: 'It's for the sake of France.' And now these same bastards are trying to haul us into court. Hold tight to your guns, then no one will come and bother us."

A major value of this novel is its perspective of the entire Southeast Asia struggle, particularly with regard to the Communist strategy for a gateway into India. Lartéguy does much to clarify the political significance of Dien-Bien-Phu, the ethnic capital of the Thai peoples. In the process he gives us a grim picture of the Asians' totally committed style of "termite warfare."

He also provides an abundance of sex and in at least two instances attempts a sexual symbolism so grand that it is ridiculous. But this does not spoil an otherwise intelligent book.

RECONSTRUCTED THEOLOGIAN: In her preface to **"The Master of Geneva: A Novel Based on the Life of John Calvin"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95) Gladys H. Barr says she has come to agree with the late Dr. J. M. Batten "that Calvin is the most misunderstood figure in the history of the Christian Church," and she adds warm words about the "radiance of his personality," sense of humor, and other appealing qualities. This novelized treatment of Calvin's life is therefore an essay in rehabilitation—an attempt to present the man as he actually was, rather than as his enemies have caricatured him.

It is so laudable an enterprise that one is reluctant to report a literary failure. Certainly, Mrs. Barr appears to have done her homework well: she has amassed enough information to write a full-scale biography. But she has not been able to turn the information into an authentic novel. "The Master of Geneva" hovers in a limbo, suspended between the categories of biography and fiction, and possesses the char-

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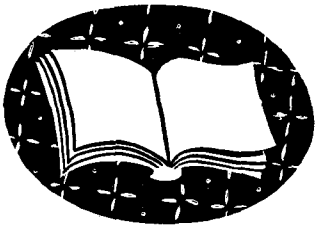
acteristic literary virtues of neither genre.

If one takes the book as a novel—its limitations become quickly apparent. It is terribly talky, and the conversational passages, shuttling erratically between formal rhetoric and jarring colloquialisms, are painful to read and unconvincing. Much is stated in the book, but too little is dramatized or shown in convincing action. The warm qualities and intelligence of the central character remain assertions of the author rather than implicit to the reader. To the end, Calvin is made to seem more like a bright and rather smug Sunday school teacher than the towering intellect and personality that Mrs. Barr—quite rightly—considers him to have been.

Nevertheless, the life of Calvin is so inherently fascinating that few readers will put down the novel, though they may be constantly distressed by its inadequacies. If, as the jacket indicates,



this novel is the first based on the life of John Calvin, it is reasonable to hope it will not be the last. There is rich material here—the man, the time, the movement—for some writer whose talents are better suited than Mrs. Barr's to imaginative literature.

—Chad Walsh.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 966

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 966 will be found in the next issue.

HL LZOBY XHXLE EBZKY LW NKWC Z NKBZL XWKBYL ZPT LFBP YWSB DFASM TKWMY Z GHNFLBT SZLDF.

ZALFWK APOPWCP.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 965

Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new.

—Henry David Thoreau.

Travel

Continued from page 29

with its rakish furniture and its chic little shops, give me a warm feeling of well-being. I will except the duty-free liquor counter which, on my last visit, bilked me of two dollars by faulty addition, an error I didn't discover until I was in midair. I was all for bringing it to the attention of the person in charge—well, it would have made a diverting wait between planes—but I was dissuaded by a more temperate member of my family who, in an epic quotation worthy of Oliver Wendell Holmes, said, "Pay the two dollars."

As to Rome, all I would care to say is that it is a city that rarely fails to cheer me, even when it drizzles. I checked into the Excelsior, and to my great pleasure was assigned to the same room I had on my last visit. There was nothing left to do, since I had spent the whole ruddy night watching the late show, but to sleep through the afternoon drizzle. It was dinnertime when I woke, and I walked the wet block along the flank of the American embassy to Giggi Fazi's for Roman artichokes and pasta served in a bowl. Much to my surprise there was not another American face visible at the tables. I had a long and beautiful and slender-necked pear soaked in red wine and went up the wet street to bed.

Spring was up long before me the next morning, and the Romans acted as if they had been waiting for it, a rather presumptuous premise, I thought, since we were at that time scarcely arrived at the middle of January. But the types were already in position at the tables set up out of doors along the Via Veneto. Black coffee and small-bore jelly doughnuts were being carried to the tables down at Doney's, and the strollers were strolling without overcoats. The flowers at the open stand alongside the giant newspaper and book kiosk were a giant burst of fragrance. A wizened noble stood at the curbstone in a pork pie hat snapped sharply over one eye, polo coat thrown over his shoulders, and his legs sheathed in leather boots. I walked up to the Borghese gardens and found more like him taking the jumps in the equestrian circle. Overhead, the umbrella pines were lace against the sky.

I drove out to the airport to pick up the SAS flight that spent its day filtering down from Copenhagen through the middle of Europe picking up passengers. At Rome it would turn eastward at last, heading for Teheran and beyond. Boarding it, I felt like a strange cross between Marco Polo and the Vikings, but whatever the confusion, there was that familiar elation that, I'm embarrassed to admit, still comes over me when I embark for a new port. Traveling in the same direction, and for that matter in the same plane, were the King and Queen of Denmark, who, with their entourage, occupied the entire forward section of the plane. The stewards were all in white gloves, stewardesses were fluttering about on the gangway shooing passengers inside the plane lest they cast an alien eye on the regal personages. All the announcements aboard the plane began "Your Majesties, ladies and gentlemen . . ." and were then repeated in Danish, German, and Japanese. At dinnertime the Japanese stewardess (the flight was terminating in Tokyo) appeared in a brilliant obi and a steward appeared in a full chef's rig. I shall never know what the Majesties appeared in for the curtain between us was always closed.

Having left Rome at the split-second scheduled time of forty minutes past four in the afternoon, we flew for Capri, then left Italy at Brindisi, crossed the Adriatic in fourteen minutes, and came up over the west coast of Greece. The next time I heard the pilot the lights of Ankara were under the port wing. Four hours and fifteen minutes later we were on the ground in Persia, whose first monarch never set foot in Europe until eighty years ago. By the time I got down the gangway a Rolls had been pulled up under the wing and officials were scurrying about. I strained for a look at Their Majesties or for the Shah, if indeed he had come down for a royal fraternal handshake. But the passengers, I among them, were herded off in a circuitous route around the far side of the plane, which now was protected by tall, dark-skinned soldiers carrying fixed bayonets. The night was cold and dark and there was no spring in this city in the desert. Clutching my landing papers, passport, and inoculation record I trudged off with the sheep toward the terminal dimly etched there in the Persian blackness.

—Horace Sutton.

(First of a series.)

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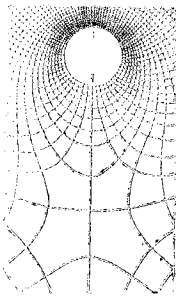

—MIT

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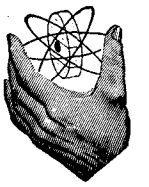

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXXI • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: Origin: An Electric Wedding

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE MAGNETIC FAMILY

STOP WITH me awhile and look at some pictures from an album of the magnetic family.

One of them hangs on this page, just above your eyes as you focus on these words.

Does the figure look to you like a surrealist sketch of a man cradling his head in his arms?

It does to me.

But it is really a drawing of the lines of force in a segment of a magnetic field disturbed by electric shock.

People with a mystical turn of mind might wonder about this picture. Because no one knows how or why the body of the human species came to be shaped as it is. Yet man is known to be a magnetic animal, with power to attract and repel, charged with ordinary electric currents that run alongside an extraordinary stream of conscious responsibility: both varying with his individual potential. Is it entirely coincidence that in relative physical size he has been placed (within the practical limits of such measurement) exactly halfway between the softest whisper of electricity in the cosmos—the fleeting submicroscopic electron—and the many-millioned-year-old galaxies that stormily roar radio notice of the ever outward rushing through time of their hosts of stars?

This is a ghostly question.

Let us speak of realities.

Let us recall a picture that is not before us here but can be found on page 35 of the 5 August 1961 issue of *Saturday Review*. Borrowed from the Carnegie Institution of Washington's new "Hubble Atlas of Galaxies," this exquisite creation of photographic art practiced under extreme difficulty is a telescope camera's view of two galaxies (NGC 5194 and NGC 5195 in "The Hubble Atlas") which together form the likeness of a stately, luminous snail suspended in space. Between the great swirling shell of stars and the glowing head of the snail hangs a filmy bridge of dust which astrophysicists think could be held in place only by magnetic force.

The distant sky is filled with suggestions that the cosmos is strung with an invisible net of magnetic lines. Color pictures of the noisiest source of radio waves in the heavens—the Crab nebula—show a knot of blue light wrapped in loops of red cord. The Veil nebula in Cygnus is draped in a soft curve, with ends upward, as though it were falling. But it doesn't fall. It is very plainly girdled in place by a faint spiral of light. Another nebula is bowed like a pair of inviting lips. And many other glittering shapes are entwined in varying degrees of curving regularity.

That the restraining loops around these bundles of stars must act as slingshots to hurl charged particles back and forth across the heavens is the only logical explanation anyone has ever offered for the incredible swiftness and striking power of cosmic rays. When the late Enrico Fermi first proposed such a mechanism in 1948, he wasn't taken too seriously. All the then available evidence said that if intergalactic magnetic fields existed they had to be extremely weak. In the last decade, however, it has been discovered that starlight is lined up along particular avenues across billions of miles of space—a performance that could take place only in the presence of a magnetic force thousands of times stronger than the energy in the light itself.

It is now accepted among astronomers that the spiral arm of the Milky Way that cradles the sun is a magnetically induced spiral; indeed, all the spiral arms of all the spiral galaxies are thought to be analagous to the armatures of magnetos which on earth generate electric power by spinning copper wires across the force lines of magnetic fields. Certainly currents of electricity flow outward past the earth on the Milky Way's rim.

Since new stars apparently form in the spirals of galaxies everywhere, the assumption is that magnetic force works with gravitational force to accumulate the necessary dust. Later, as the growing nebula revolves, the magnetic field lines stretch out (to contain the violent streams of electrified gas—called plasma—which nature does not allow the magnetic lines to cross) and may play other roles crucial to the existence of life. In an article written for the inaugural issue of a new scientific journal named *Icarus*, Dr. A. G. W. Cameron, a theorist on the staff of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, asks whether the braking force of magnetism may not be the long sought means of explaining how the protostar that became the sun, in the course of collapsing from a hazy nebula to a blazing body of gas, was able to transfer most of its spinning velocity to the planets and thus to establish the stability of earth in a life-giving orbit instead of blowing what became the planets off into space in fragments.

The foregoing events would make the picture on the page above worth thinking about at any time. Today it has special meaning. Man is not only trying to mimic the magnetic management of stars, in nuclear fusion, here on earth; he is beginning to explore the vast sea of plasma beyond earth's atmosphere. On this strange ocean he will use magnetism to propel himself, and to stop where he wants to stop. If the weightlessness that accompanies freedom from gravity's pull disturbs him too profoundly, he may wear magnetic shoes and walk the walls and ceilings as well as the floors of his spaceships.

Come with me now and look at some other magnetic family pictures.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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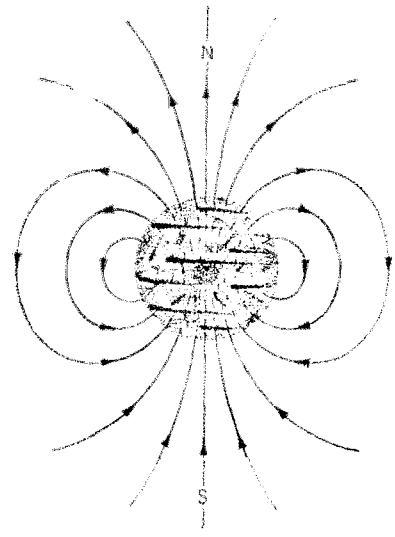

ORIGIN: AN ELECTRIC WEDDING

Electrons Spinning within Atomic Nuclei Generate the Hereditary Lines

By FRANCIS BITTER

EVERY particle of matter is surrounded by something—we might think of it as an immaterial, all pervasive fluid that influences its interplay with the rest of the universe. This something between particles was once called "the ether." Today it is thought of as containing a variety of "fields." The three most important of these are fields of gravity, fields of electricity and fields of magnetism.

During the past hundred years or so many physicists have thought of electric and magnetic fields as being mathematical conveniences in computing the force-at-a-distance which moving charges exert on each other. In fact, I remember my own teachers first introducing the subject in this tentative way. But today we must conclude that these and other fields are as real as the charged particles.

In text books, electric and magnetic fields are defined in terms of the forces that would be exerted on hypothetical test charges at any point in space. A more descriptive starting point would be simply to give the observer two little permanent magnets and let him experience the repulsive force between them when ends of like polarity are brought near each other. It is then possible to experience directly, to actually feel, the existence of something having a structure and extension in space. Starting with this feeling, which most readers probably have had, it may be possible to convey something of the beauty in our ideas about magnetism.

All magnetic fields are due to electric charges in motion. The magnetic field lines take the form of closed paths around the electrical current. This is equally true for magnetized matter. The fields form loops around the orderly motion of electrons in atoms. Magnetic forces are exerted on charges moving at right angles to the magnetic field. These are the forces which drive our electric motors and turn compass needles.

This conventional description of magnetic fields concerns itself with magnetic fields as useful intermediaries in describing the interaction of one bit of matter with another. The emphasis is on magnetic forces which we may use in some mechanical device to serve our needs, or in some piece of apparatus to discover the properties of a sample of matter being tested. In a discussion of fields, however, we must focus our attention on the properties of the fields themselves.

A piece of copper, for example, has certain physical properties—density, specific heat, electrical conductivity, thermal conductivity, elasticity, etc. If fields are real, how can we describe them in their own right? Are they, too, perhaps characterized by a mass density? Can they carry energy and momentum? Are they permanently attached to matter, or can they be shaken loose? Are they rigid or deformable? Will they wiggle like a plate of jello if you shake them? How are they related to electric fields?

For purposes of computation we may say that magnetic fields are additive. If we have two magnetic atoms, the resultant field which they produce at any point in space may be computed from the fields which either of these particles alone would produce at that point. This is, however, a purely computational process. Only the one resultant field actually exists.

THE resultant field of many particles can take on a wide variety of shapes and dimensions. The field can, in effect, be unfurled or blown out into the surrounding space, or it can be gathered in. For example, a little horseshoe magnet has surrounding its poles a magnetic field which can be explored with a compass needle and sketched out graphically. If we put a piece of iron, or a keeper as it is called, across the poles the magnetic field is collapsed and no longer stretches out into the surrounding space. It is gathered up into the keeper.

Similarly, there is no magnetic field surrounding an unmagnetized or demagnetized piece of iron simply because the internal magnetic elements (called domains), when oriented at random produce fields which cancel each other at external points. The fields are confined to the local regions between the magnetized domains.

When a piece of iron is magnetized, however, the domains within it are reoriented so that their external effects add, and the resultant magnetic field consequently extends out into the surrounding space.

THE magnetic field of the earth has been explored in great detail near its surface, and we feel we know enough about magnetic fields to predict the main features of this field for many earth radii away from the earth's surface. The magnetic field consists of great loops extending upward and away from the earth near the south pole and curving around to reach the north pole more or less vertically. The earth's magnetic field is in effect a huge umbrella which protects us from the rain of high-energy charged particles which descends on us.

The paths of the incoming particles spiral around the lines of force of the magnetic field towards the north and south poles and may even oscillate to and fro, from north to south, and back again. The particles collide with atoms in the course of their motion, and so gradually lose their energy. Where their paths converge in the northern and southern polar regions,

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they give rise to the bright glow which we call the aurora.

Rockets and earth satellites are telling us more about the earth's field and the condition of the atmosphere at very great altitudes. Recently it has been discovered that we can send certain types of very low frequency radiowaves along the earth's magnetic field lines far out into space and back down to the terminal points of the magnetic field lines in the opposite hemisphere of the earth.

THE field of every magnet in principle extends to infinity. All space is filled with magnetic fields. Near a magnetized piece of matter it is sometimes possible to associate the field predominantly with the state of magnetization of this piece of matter. But in general it is quite impossible to unravel the inter-connection between any given bit of the magnetic field in space with any given bit of matter. In fact, it is quite possible for magnetic fields to exist in space independently of the presence of matter at all.

We know that energy can be carried through space by electromagnetic fields. How else could currents in a local radio or television receiver be modified by signals sent out from a distant broadcasting station? How else could the electromagnetic radiations from the distant sun warm us as we lie on a sunny beach?

In order to describe these phenomena it is necessary to assume that energy and mass are associated with magnetic fields not only when the fields are shaken loose and radiated away, but when they are still attached in some way to physical objects. For example, a moving electron has a certain kinetic energy, due to its mass in motion. Where is this energy located? Is it entirely within a small radius which we might call the radius of the electron, or is it also associated with the magnetic field surrounding the electron and reaching out into the surrounding space?

The answer appears to be "yes, and no." Some of the mass of the electron is confined to a small inner region and is not of electromagnetic origin. In addition, there is mass located in the surrounding space where the electric and magnetic fields exist. This is called the electromagnetic mass.

In accordance with electromagnetic theory, there is energy in the field at every point proportional to the square of the field strength, and if we limit our considerations to regions not too close to the electron, we can specify the distribution of this energy exactly. Since the famous Einstein equation — $E = mc^2$ — tells us energy has mass, we can compute something about the electromagnetic mass of electrons. A group of electrons travelling parallel to each other will not have a mass or a kinetic energy precisely equal to the sum of their individual masses and kinetic energies when travelling separately at the same speed but far apart. The overlapping fields give rise to additional electromagnetic mass and consequently also to additional momentum and energy.

Such effects are not usually described as I have described them here. But what I have said is merely an alternative description of the familiar phenomenon of inductance in electrical circuits. The momentum of a group of electrons travelling along a certain wire is greater if the wire is wound into a coil, giving rise to a concentrated magnetic field in its core, than would be the case if the same electrons were travelling down the same wire stretched out in a straight path.

We tend to think of energy in electric circuits as being carried through the conductors, possibly because of some vague and inaccurate analogy between water in pipes and currents in conductors. Actually, this is not the case. The electric fields which produce currents and the magnetic fields surrounding them contain the energy and determine its motion. If we connect a storage battery through a long cable to a distant heater or electric light, the energy does not travel from the battery to the light through the conductor, but through the region around the conductor. We can compute it in detail and keep track of it at all times.

A further example of this is the movement of energy from some sort of a power supply to an antenna and then off into space. In a radio broadcasting tower, energy is fed along the lead wires in the space around them to the antenna. As the current oscillates to and fro the energy pulsates in and out in the region surrounding the antenna. At each pulsation a little bit is detached and travels off into space with the velocity of light. This little bit of the total pulsating energy around the antenna—this little bit which is shaken loose—constitutes the electromagnetic radiowave that moves off towards the horizon.

WHEN we are dealing with radiowaves we can measure the field intensities from point to point and follow the wave patterns throughout their existence. We think of the energy as being *uniformly* distributed according to the square of the electric or magnetic field strength. Measurements made with little receiving antennas apparently verify this. The verification, however, is only apparent. The energy is better thought of as distributed in discrete packets or quanta. It is only an *average* density. Just as matter in the form of solids, liquids, the gases appears more or less continuous (whereas it is really composed of atoms), so it turns out that the energy in electromagnetic waves appears to be continuously distributed, but is actually not. In the radiowave there are so many small packets so densely packed together that from the point of view of a receiving antenna we are perfectly justified in assuming that the energy is uniformly distributed and flows evenly. However, when we come to the shorter wavelengths of electromagnetic radiation such as make up visible light, ultraviolet light, and particularly X-rays and gamma-rays, we find the quantum aspect becoming increasingly important. At short wavelengths each packet contains more and more energy. In detecting the emission and absorption of these radiations, we are confronted with processes that are describable only in terms of discrete events.

The electromagnetic nature of waves having atomic or sub-atomic dimensions must be inferred by more subtle experiments than by direct observation with electrical apparatus. Very high energy electromagnetic gamma-rays, such as are found in the cosmic radiation, are really very small tight knots of electromagnetic field somehow associated with a quantum of energy. But in the end, even these, as they plow through matter, degenerate and are transformed into progressively less concentrated forms of radiation and energy, until they add just one more whisper to the eternal electromagnetic noise that is reverberating in our cosmos.

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Magneteer

PROFESSOR FRANCIS BITTER is probably earth's foremost magnet maker. He is now chief planner for the National Magnet Laboratory, which Massuchusetts Institute of Technology is building with U. S. Air Force Office of Scientific Research funds to house magnets of unprecedented power. To this center in Cambridge students of magnetism all over the planet can bring their experiments.

One line of research certain to be pursued vigorously will exploit Bell Laboratories' discovery that wires of niobium-tin alloy and other exotic combinations of metals can carry the same electric charge round and round indefinitely at temperatures close to absolute zero. Ultimately, very small magnets will be made very powerful at very low prices. Another revolution in our daily lives is on the way.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXI

The Magnetic Family

MOTHER EARTH'S ATTENTIVE SON JAMES

From the Van Allen Branch of the Clan

THE Straits of Magellan were named in an era when man could, by courage, perseverance, and employment of one of his natural senses, become immortal. Later the world became so complex that merely to see what others could see, or hear what any ears could detect, was not enough. The elite must now engage thoroughly trained, intuitive minds and couple this investigation with data compiled by intricate instruments to reveal an existing—though previously undetected—phenomenon. The Van Allen Radiation Belts have been so detected and named for their discoverer, Dr. James A. Van Allen of Iowa.

Deemed the greatest discovery of the International Geophysical Year (1 July 1957- 31 December 1958), the Van Allen Belts have influenced the entire concept of exploration. Like a giant moat, they guard the universe, challenging man to cross from his home planet earth through their deadly radiation. At the same time their enveloping configuration provides two inviting openings—the areas at earth's northern and southern poles—as drawbridges into space.

After one lengthy scientific question-and-answer exchange with news gatherers, Van Allen was bombarded with queries about the threats and dangers inherent in these belts. At last a participant in the discussion pleaded, "Can't you tell us anything good that has come from the discovery of the radiation belts?"

"Yes," Van Allen replied, smiling: "I've made a good living off them!"

Science is making a good living off them, too, and a comfortable income is likely to continue for a long while. For what the first man-made moons of earth originally saw as two distinct doughnut-like rings of electrically charged particles encircling the planet are now discerned with increasing clarity as mere parts in a vast natural mechanism by which the light and heat of the sun are transported across 93,000,000 miles of space and through earth's atmosphere to create and sustain life.

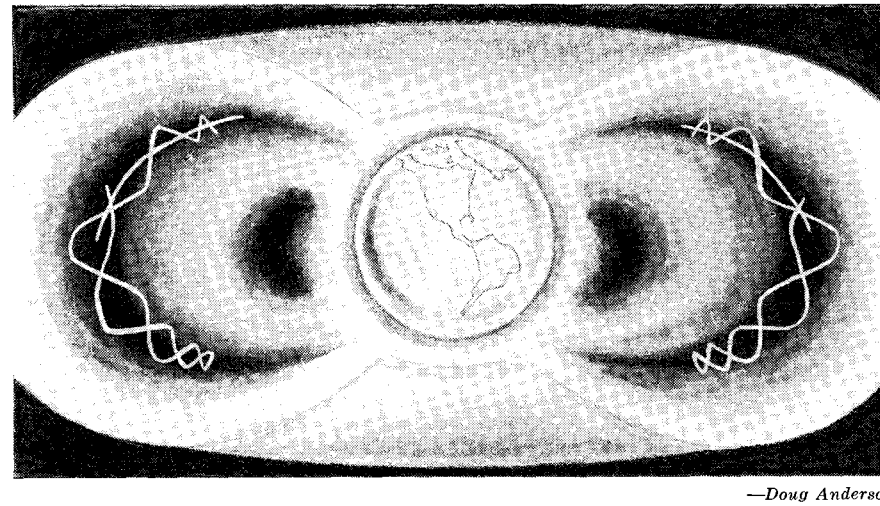
It is difficult to trace precisely the threads of Van Allen's accomplishments to their real sources. While many influences played upon his forming career, the inner core was a family habit of study. His father, Alfred—lawyer, town councilman, school board member and onetime Mayor of the county seat of Mount Pleasant—read aloud to his four children from "The Book of Knowledge" every night. At the age of ten, James already looked forward to those nights when the reading would be about electricity and the laws of physics. When Jim was about twelve, he and his younger brother Maury together built a high-voltage machine. In the half-dark of the cellar, it was exciting to make "lightning." On weekends, while they raked the grass in the yard around the house, he and Maury would talk about other inventions. And in Mount Pleasant high school, physics teacher C. A. Cottrell often had to "sweep Jimmy Van Allen out the door" so the laboratory could be locked at the end of the day.

At Iowa Wesleyan College, growing Jim spent all possible moments in the three-story, vine-covered brick physics building. That is where he studied under Professor Thomas Poulter. Poulter, now director of Poulter Laboratories at Stanford Research Institute, recalls: "Colleges and professors all too frequently like to take credit for developing their students into scientists or other outstanding personalities. I have no such illusion about Jim. Even as a student I preferred to think of him as a professional associate rather than as a student, for he was a better scientist as an undergraduate student than many college professors."

Professor Poulter was chief scientist on the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition of 1933-35, and he credits Van Allen with "invaluable assistance in the development and checking of instrumentation" for use on the expedition. This work involved observation of meteor showers and required young Jim to measure cosmic rays.

Though cosmic rays had been identified around the turn of the twentieth century, very little was yet known about their origin. It had been confirmed that earth's atmosphere absorbs but does not produce the primary rays; that was about the limit of knowledge.

After earning his doctorate at the State University of Iowa with a thesis on disintegration of the nuclei of hydrogen atoms and the dependence of that process on bombarding energy that might come from cosmic rays, Van Allen became a research fellow of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D.C. When World War II broke



—Doug Anderson

THE MAGNETOSPHERE OF EARTH, sketched above, is now known to trap electrical particles in varying densities to a distance of 60,000 miles. Dark arcs suggest original conception of Van Allen Belts. Note spiraling along magnetic lines.

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out, he and others at Carnegie transferred to the Applied Physics Laboratory of The Johns Hopkins University in Silver Spring, Md. The assignment at the Laboratory was to build a fuse which would explode a bomb or shell at the instant a tiny radio inside the fuse said the target was close enough to be destroyed. This called for the designing of extremely delicate instruments that could stand the shock of being fired from cannon.

While he was working at Johns Hopkins, Van Allen was thrown—literally—into the company of his future wife, Abigail Fithian Halsey II. She "bumped into him." Her automobile backed into his. The wedding took place in Southampton, Long Island, in the fall of 1945.

IN terms of time, the marriage symbolized a gathering together of vital elements in James Van Allen's life. His earlier interest in cosmic rays and his experience with the proximity fuse crystallized into a single precipitate when the then U.S. Army Colonel (now Major General) Holger N. Toftoy asked Carnegie's Dr. Merle Tuve to assign some lively young man to plan scientific experiments in the upper atmosphere for a hundred V-2 rockets captured from the Germans.

The V-2 testing had hardly begun before Dr. Tuve requested Van Allen to survey the possibilities of obtaining additional rockets for use after the V-2s had all been launched. Van Allen set out to find a company in the United States that could deliver a rocket capable of high performance yet modestly priced. After months of consideration, a contract was concluded for delivery of twenty 2600-pound thrust rockets, able to carry 150 pounds of instruments to an altitude of 300,000 feet. Taking the first syllable from the name of the manufacturer, Aerojet Engineering Corporation, and the second syllable from the Bumblebee family of missiles developed at the Applied Physics Laboratory, Van Allen coined a name for the new rocket that has been used ever since—Aerobee.

Dr. Sydney Chapman (former Oxford University professor, now at the High Altitude Observatory in Boulder, Colorado), one of the world's foremost geophysicists, was in Washington in the spring of 1950. He mentioned to his friend, Van Allen, that a visit with other geophysicists would be enjoyable. A small dinner was arranged at the Van Allen home. Out of what Van Allen calls "a postprandial discussion" the idea for the IGY emerged.

Among those present that evening were Dr. S. F. Singer, an imaginative young physicist at the Applied Physics Laboratory, and Mr. Lloyd Berkner, associated with the State Department in organization and direction of the first military assistance program of the North Atlantic Pact. Berkner proposed the IGY as a means of bringing about global cooperation and communication among scientists. Singer suggested the launching of an earth satellite. Van Allen had actively campaigned for such a satellite as early as 1948 in a paper he read before the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics in Oslo.

In the year after this to-be-historic after-dinner conversation at Silver Spring, Van Allen accepted an invitation to return to the State University of Iowa as head of the physics department. There he quickly enhanced his reputation for "getting the most for the least" by designing the Rockoon—a rocket that took off from a balloon already floating fifteen miles high above the earth. Since Rockoons couldn't very well be launched from an Iowa cornfield, Van Allen persuaded the Coast Guard to carry his sky vehicles to the waters off Greenland and Newfoundland. This put him in position to study cosmic rays at high latitudes and at altitudes where the power of the rays could be measured before they were deflected or absorbed by the atmosphere of the earth.

Thirty miles above the sea off Newfoundland, instruments in the Rockoons revealed that the cosmic rays were far more intense than scientists had expected. To the north and to the south, the intensities were what had been expected. But here in this zone of frequent auroras, greater activity seemed to be centered. Was this coincidence? Or was it perhaps circumstantial evidence that the high cosmic ray count and the aurora were somehow linked?

Van Allen was still pondering this question when the launching of an earth satellite was finally approved as an IGY project in 1955. The U.S. Navy's not yet completed Vanguard rocket had been chosen as the vehicle. Van Allen favored Dr. Wernher von Braun's Jupiter-C rocket for the assignment because the Jupiter-C already had flown 3100 miles and reached an altitude of 682 miles. The Iowan took the precaution of making his package of cosmic ray detectors of such dimensions to fit either into the Vanguard satellite or into the nose cone of the Jupiter-C.

After the Russian Sputniks went up in the fall of 1957, and the first Vanguard launchings failed, a Jupiter-C rocket put the Explorer I satellite into orbit on 31 January 1958 with Van Allen's cosmic ray counters aboard. The rest of the story everyone knows.

The counters didn't count above 600 miles. Other counters were sent up in Explorer III; they, too, failed to note any radiation above 600 miles. Van Allen was stumped until one of his university associates, Carl McIlwain, reminded him that if the counters had been called upon to count above a certain level of intensity, the mechanism would have jammed. Explorer IV took up new counters designed to count radiations only above a certain power, and those counters found the very intense activity in the Van Allen Belts (darkest arcs in sketch, page 42).

—*Wide World*

Dr. James A. Van Allen

Because Van Allen's second generation of cosmic ray counters were set to register only certain powerful radiations, the first impression they brought back was of two distinct doughnut-shaped rings. From other evidence accumulated by rockets, satellites and space probes since then, it has been determined that these are only two of many rings bounded by particular lines of force in the curvature of earth's magnetic field. It is now assumed that radiation of varying intensities is likewise trapped within other lines of the same field as far as 60,000 miles out from the earth. At that distance the planet's magnetosphere, as the whole mechanism has come to be called, apparently becomes tangled with the more turbulent magnetic field of the sun. According to present theory, what Dr. James Van Allen discovered is really a huge electrical storage bin that alternately fills with energy from the sun (see sketch, page 44) and then empties this energy into earth's atmosphere in ways yet imperfectly understood.

—SHIRLEY THOMAS

Dr. James A. Van Allen is one of the characters in Shirley Thomas's book, "Men of Space," published by the Chilton Company.

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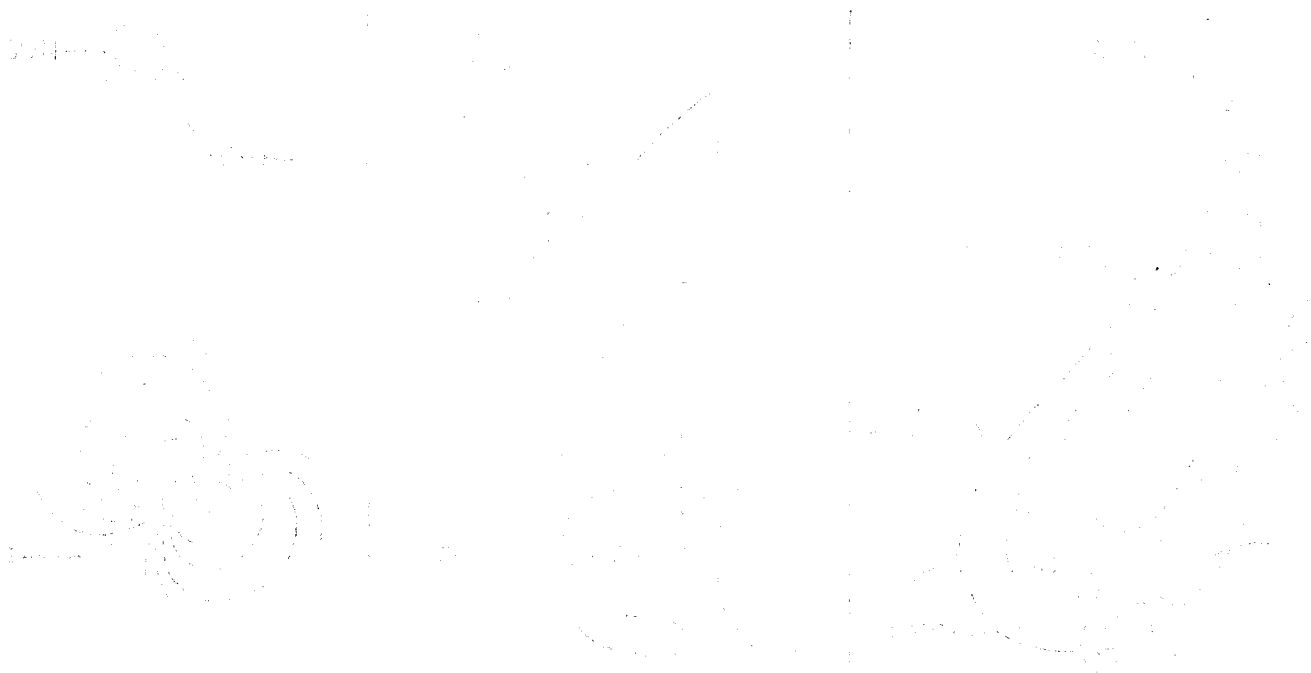
SCIENCE IN BOOKS

The Magnetic Family

HOW FATHER SUN WOOS MOTHER EARTH

A Most Energetic and Fruitful Relationship Is Beginning To Be Understood



The wherewithal of life and warmth are transferred in this fashion across 93,000,000 miles of space

WE know that the surface of the sun boils and bubbles actively, from time to time ejecting huge clouds of charged particles and streams of X-rays into the space between the sun and the planets. These solar eruptions are known as flares. If the flares occur in the right position on the sun's surface, the clouds of charged particles travel across space to collide with our atmosphere.

Although the energy carried by these solar particles averages less than one millionth of the energy radiated by the sun in the form of visible light, and their effects are usually not noticed by the man in the street, they can, nonetheless, be very important. They produce communications blackouts, magnetic storms, and auroral displays; and they also produce violent changes in the intensity of the Van Allen belts, which are apparently related, in a manner not yet clearly understood, to other atmospheric effects.

The entire matter of sun-earth relationships, including the formation of the Van Allen Belts and their possible role in geophysical phenomena, is at the moment the most exciting and fruitful field of space research.

In the great flares of 1960 we obtained for the first time an understanding of the complete sequence of events during one of these eruptions. These were the flares of March, September, and November of that year. At various times during these events we had the Explorer VII satellite in orbit near the earth, the Pioneer V spacecraft out in interplanetary space, and a large number of experimenters simultaneously taking observations on the ground.

The combination of the space flight data and the ground observations revealed a fascinating picture. It appears that a tongue of plasma, i.e., of relatively slow-moving charged particles, erupted from the surface of the sun at the site of the flare, and moved out across interplanetary space at a speed of about 1,000 miles per second. At this rate it took the plasma cloud about one day to reach the earth. The cloud dragged with it lines of solar magnetic force, which were frozen into the cloud and forced to move with it by the laws of electro-magnetism. These lines of magnetic force had their roots on the surface of the sun in the vicinity of the flare, but as the plasma tongue moved across space the magnetic lines were drawn out with the plasma like loops of taffy.

When magnetic force lines become distended in this manner they lose their strength. By the time these lines reached the earth they were some 500 times weaker than they were at the surface of the sun. However, the magnetic field within the plasma tongue was still sufficiently strong to screen the earth partially from the cosmic rays which normally bombard the planet.

—ROBERT JASTROW,
in "NASA's Scientific
and Technical Programs,"
(U.S. Gov't Printing Office, $1.50).

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Robert Jastrow is chief of the theoretical science division of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. He points out that whereas his report above was written after the facts were established, what is written below was written when only a few tentative observations were available. Consequently, it ranks as a brilliance of intuitive science.*

IF COSMIC rays can be excluded from a certain region, it follows that they can also be confined in that region if they are produced inside it. Particles

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could be generated at the sun and caught in orbits similar to the trapped orbits of the Van Allen layer.

In such a model it is possible to have particles moving through the vicinity of the earth on steep-pitched spiral orbits in which they may be stored for a long time.

There are a few occasions, perhaps five in all, on which particles of *cosmic-ray energy* are known to have come from a large solar flare. In at least one of the five, the flare of February 23, 1956, which was also the best documented, particles with a momentum of 30,000,000 electron volts arrived directly, followed by particles of somewhat lower energy, with momentum of 10,000,000 electron volts. The less energetic particles continued to arrive for some hours after the flare, and apparently from all directions in the solar system.

IT is beyond any reasonable doubt that particles of subcosmic-ray energies have come from large solar flares with time delays of the order of an hour and that they show storage for a matter of many days, certainly four and possibly seven or eight days on occasion. These particles, by showing the very long storage, make it possible to observe a propagation to the earth in two different ways.

The particles can propagate at their own speed on their spiral orbits from a disturbance on the sun to the earth, provided that the magnetic field configuration in the intervening space is suitable. They will have very small radii of gyration, so that unless the field is exactly suitable they will not hit the earth from a particular disturbed region on the sun.

At lower particle energies, the probability for reaching the earth directly from a particular disturbance on the sun diminishes. Another method of propagation then becomes possible: on or near the sun a certain storage region, [a magnetic bottle, like that sketched on page 42] of plasma and magnetic field is filled with these low-energy particles, and a part of that storage region expands with the motion of the gas so as eventually to include the earth.

THUS we have the possibility of an indirect method of propagation, in which the particles do not come to us at their own travel speed but rather at a speed dictated by the comparatively slow expansion of the gas moving and carrying the magnetic field with it. Such particles are merely stored and gain access to the earth later, depending on the travel time of the gas.

This indirect method of propagation will become more and more probable as we go to lower particle energies. On general grounds one would expect that the sun is more frequently able to make the lower-energy particles than the higher ones.

SINCE the discovery of the radiation zones by Van Allen, it is tempting to speculate that the low-energy particles are often fed into the storage region around the earth by the same processes that stir up the magnetic field of the earth and make a magnetic storm.

Perhaps we are observing the effects of a continuous spectrum of solar particle energies, and we are finding that the most energetic ones can come to us only by the direct channel, and the less energetic only indirectly. The particles of very low energies cannot enter the earth's field by any means, but we can see them get in when the field is disturbed by plasma motion, that is to say, by magnetic storm disturbances. Thus we span, possibly with the same intrinsic solar spectrum, all of the phenomena, from the cosmic-ray outbursts on the sun to the supply of the Van Allen layer by the particles producing the magnetic storms.

Such a point of view requires that the particles injected at the outer edge of the Van Allen zone be able to diffuse thoroughly through the zone. If the particles are supplied in an outer arc, they must later be able to appear on inner arcs. The lifetimes of these particles, once they are in captured orbits, may be very long, and therefore the rate at which they have to be diffused is not necessarily very high, but they must be able to get around.

THE region in the vicinity of the earth in which the earth's magnetic field dominates all dynamical processes might be called the "magnetosphere." The laws of motion of ionized material in the magnetosphere are greatly affected by the fact that the entire magnetospheric conducting region is separated from the conducting earth by the insulating sheath of the nonionized dense atmosphere.

Therefore we have no right to assume an intrinsic stability of the material on one particular tube of force or on one particular surface of revolution of a tube of force around the axis as we would if those lines of force were anchored in a conductor. Because of the intervention of the insulating atmosphere, however thin, the conducting material on one line of force can completely change places with material on another line of force.

—THOMAS GOLD,
in "The Exploration of Space,"
edited by Robert Jastrow
(Macmillan, $5.50).

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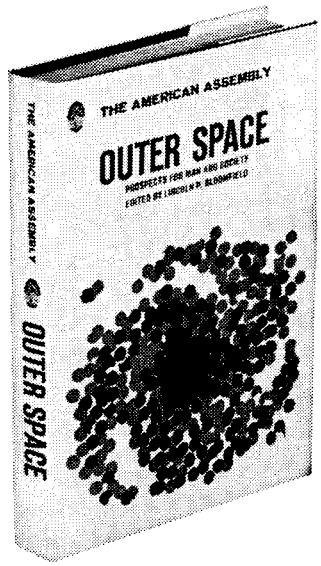

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

In the realm of magnetism, one direction is clearly pointed by Nobel laureate Albert Szent-Gyorgyi in his elegant little book, "Introduction to a Submolecular Biology." He tells how he started his own researches in histology, found cells too complicated, took up physiology, found physiology too complex, turned to bacteriology, found bacteria too complicated, and turned to muscle. After twenty years of studying muscle, he still couldn't understand the fundamental workings of muscle without first understanding the processes through which the energy of electrons is transferred. He is now engaged in meticulous examination of the relationship between electron charge transfer and growth. Recently he published, in Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, *what time may prove to be the beginning of a table of elements for cancer. The table correlates the strength of positive and negative charges of specific chemicals with the known relative abilities of those chemicals to trigger malignant growth.*

By ROBERT O. BECKER, M.D.
(State University of New York)

CHARLES H. BACHMAN
(Syracuse University)

THE literature of bioclimatology is replete with attempts to relate psycho-physiological disturbances in the human population to various physical parameters of the environment. Recently, considerable interest is being expressed in the possible effect of air ionization in this regard. Relatively few papers of note have been published on the possible relationship of magnetic fields to these parameters. Two major objections have been raised to all of these studies. First, the mechanism of action is completely unknown since no known physiological system exists to be influenced by such physical parameters. Second, the naturally occurring magnitude of change in the physical parameter is generally much less than that noted to result from common, manmade disturbances (e.g, the magnetic and electrical fields produced by sixty cycle alternating current electric power).

Within the past few years, however, evidence has been presented which has a direct bearing on the validity of these objections regarding particularly geomagnetic force fields. The presence of free radicals, semi-conductors, and conduction bands has been demonstrated in a variety of physiologically important systems. Some evidence has been presented for an organized neural control system in vertebrates based upon similar solid state direct current flow in elements of the central nervous system. This system has furthermore been observed to correlate with certain behavioral changes in the human.

The presence of such charge-transfer based systems would provide a mechanism whereby environmental force fields could exert an influence upon the organism. If the system influenced by such physical force fields was itself responsible for any aspect of behavior, then some behavioral effect would be noticeable. Some observations have recently been reported indicating that organisms do respond to such fields.

Certain marine fish demonstrate a remarkable sensitivity to magnetic and electrostatic fields, apparently by a system sensing the presence of low direct current potentials. Humans have been shown to sense the presence of low density UHF (radar) fields, and protozoa demonstrate orienting responses to low frequency electromagnetic fields. Many organisms demonstrate biological cycles of activity linked to the cyclic variation in environmental force field patterns and influenced by local application of low magnetic fields.

In the physical sciences knowledge has also increased leading to the concept of much more complex force field interrelations, both planetary and solar-terrestrial in scope [such as those described in the preceding contributions to this issue of *SR*/Research]. Short period fluctuations in the magnetic field have theoretically the greatest probability of being the physiologically active portion of the geomagnetic environment. While the exact origins are in doubt, the presence of diurnal variations, magnetic storms, and high frequency fluctuations have been demonstrated. The resultant electrical currents occasionally reach magnitudes amply high enough to produce disturbances in delicately balanced biological charge transport systems.

A statistical study, relating a simple index of geomagnetic activity to a gross index of psychological disturbances over a long period of time, appeared to be a logical method of preliminary investigations. In view of the widespread nature of geomagnetic disturbances, data gathered at two geographically distant points offered the possibility of obviating local effects such as air ionization, etc.

As a pilot study, the daily magnetic intensity (K-Sum) determined at Fredricksburg, Va., was correlated against the daily rate of psychiatric admissions to two hospitals in Syracuse, N. Y., for a period of approximately four years. It was realized that the data used had several inadequacies. The K-sum is a gross index of geomagnetic activity that is only loosely related to short period fluctuations. In addition, the K-sum is probably related to other nonmagnetic geophysical parameters such as cosmic ray flux and electrostatic fields. The rate of patient admissions is governed by such factors as the availability of beds and the disposition of the examining physician. Nevertheless, a statistical analysis of the data produced interesting results.

The daily data was tabulated on IBM punch cards and subjected to various correlations. Correlations on a day-to-day basis, and a small number of various phase-shift combinations thereof, showed very low levels of agreement, although all were positive and statistically significant. However, when the K-sums for thirty consecutive days and the admissions for the same thirty day period were handled as blocks of data, higher order correlations were obtained.

A sliding scale of one day, giving 1391 consecutive data points, was utilized. The coefficients of correlation, etc., for non-linear relationships proved to be 0.27 and 0.26. The probability of obtaining such a relationship by chance alone is less than one in a thousand.

These results would suggest that a relationship does exist between the incidence of psychiatric disturbances in the human population and some geophysical parameter coupled with the magnetic field. It appears likely that a more ambitious program based upon broader data gathering procedures, both clinical and physical, would reveal the identity of the responsible geophysical parameters and make possible controlled laboratory studies.

* * * *

We recognize that we are working far out on the boundaries of present knowledge. To avoid suspicions

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The energy of electrons is, of course, electricity. As far back as the 1880s, electric currents had been detected in areas of growth in bone. If growth could induce electricity, could electricity induce growth? An answer to this question was sought in a Syracuse, N.Y., laboratory in the 1950s by an Assistant Professor of Orthopedics at the Upstate Medical Center of the State University of New York, Dr. Robert O. Becker. The answer was affirmative. It was also possible to inhibit growth. How? Dr. Becker turned to the nervous system, enlisting the help of Syracuse University Physics Professor Charles H. Bachman and State University's Assistant Professor of Psychiatry Howard Friedman. The trio discovered that the nervous system is regulated by the magnetic fields of the earth and the sun. Their report below is divided into two parts. The paragraphs preceding the asterisks were read at an international conference on magnetism at MIT last November. The remainder was written especially for Saturday Review. *Sketches of human figures chart primitive guiding current of our species.*

HOWARD FRIEDMAN
(*State University of New York*)

of quackery and fakery that have discredited this general area of research in the past, we must be more than ordinarily vigilant. Our precautions have taken two directions.

First, the scope of our statistical study must be broadened to define exactly what it is that we are dealing with. At present, we can only suspect a general relationship of some kind between the whole of the human species and the whole of the electromagnetic phenomenon that engages the sun, other stars, and the galaxies. We are now organizing to gather data from eight hospitals instead of two and from 16,000 instead of 3,000 psychiatric patients at these institutions. The geographical region of the human end of our experiment is thus being expanded to cover one hundred miles of northern New York state. At the cosmic end of our equations, we are preparing experimental routines to separate the effects of the three axes of magnetic force to which man is subject and so perhaps to identify their individual influences. We are also correlating the admission rates of mental patients in the hospitals with the appearance of solar flares, cosmic ray activity and each of the three types of storms on the sun that are now known to be related to magnetic fluctuations.

Our second line of confirmatory research is, in our view, even more important than the first. To observe a relationship between magnetic forces and the mental state of humans is, in itself, merely a chance freak. To explain the relationship in terms acceptable to the science of clinical medicine is the crucial task.

In laboratory experiments with appropriately anesthetized salamanders and frogs, we have detected and measured the electrical currents that flow along the fibers of the central nervous system. We have found that the current flows in one direction along the sensory fibers that transmit the detailed information gathered by our eyes, ears, nose and skin—the descriptions of what we see, hear, smell and feel (pressure, heat, pain). Along the fibers of the motor nerves that command our muscles to contract and expand and move us about, we found the electricity flowing oppositely.

Thus we appear to have discovered the two complementary halves that make up every functioning electrical circuit. The fascinating element in this circuit is that science previously had determined that no flow of electricity was involved in the swift action of sensory or motor nerves.

WHAT, then, is the function of the electric current we have measured as it was traveling along the length of these nerves? It is a slow, steady direct current—the reverse of the alternating impulses heretofore identified with activity in the nerves. How explain this apparent contradiction?

Our experiments lead us to believe that there is in fact no contradiction. We think the current we detect is the most primitive guidance system within man's body. It was through this system, we believe, that the environment originally instructed our oldest ancestors in what behavior they would have to follow in order to survive on earth. As evolution progressed, and the animals that preceded us in the magnetic family line grew more sophisticated, the faster nervous impulse system that makes modern man a quick thinker and agile actor gradually took over the superficial patterns of control. But deep beneath the surface of our lives the ancient data transmission system still directs us. The ability of a nerve to convey sense and motor impulses depends on the presence of that primordial current.

We have several reasons for this belief. Foremost among them is the fact that when we apply local anaesthetic blocks to nerve pathways, through administration of ether or drugs, the electrical current stops flowing simultaneously with the nerve's loss of its customary command. We have demonstrated this coincidence of effects in individual nerves of animals and in the skin potentials of humans.

NOT so long ago it was taken for granted in medicine that any movement of electricity through the mammalian body had to be adapted to a liquid system. By tradition, the transport had to occur by means of ions in suspension. But if this were true the freezing of the system at any point would break the electrical circuit by locking up the ions. Our experience suggests an opposite state of affairs. For when we froze the nerve system at one point, the flow of electricity rose as it would if electrons were moving through a crystal.

It looks to us as though the fundamental control of the human nervous system must be carried out through organic semi-conductors, analagous to the transistor which has revolutionized the study of solid state physics. What we are hunting now, with the help of the Physics Department of Cornell University, is evidence of the presence of free radicals in nerve fibers. We are also trying to devise experimental techniques to determine whether the current carriers are positively or negatively charged and under what circumstances the current changes direction.

We know that the back of the head normally carries a positive charge and the front of the head a negative charge. By introducing a contrary charge into the brain, the Russians several years ago produced electrical anaesthesia, which is now being experimented with in a number of laboratories in this country.

We have a long way to go before we can claim detailed understanding of the relationship between magnetism and the basic rhythms of human life, such as our periods of sleeping and waking and growing. Nevertheless, we believe that in this direction lies the medicine of the future. ■

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

ON HUCKSTERING

YOUR ARTICLE, "THE BUSINESS OF GIVING," on December 2, 1961, certainly contradicts the objectivity and accuracy expected of *Saturday Review* and implied in your title as "Science" Editor. . . .

Your presentation of the charity concept of the haves and have-nots as a basis for all philanthropy suggests little acquaintance with modern health and welfare principles and practices. Particularly in the health fields, but not exclusively so, do we know that every person, rich or poor, has an investment and a responsibility to participate in the conquest of the diseases and social problems afflicting mankind. Our Heart Association does not seek money from the wealthy to care for the poor victims of heart disease, but rather engages the money, energy and talent of millions of American volunteers in combating a major public health epidemic.

Your lack of objectivity and your publicity huckster techniques are not worthy of the treatment of the important subject of the purpose and effectiveness of voluntary agency functioning in the United States. I cite your mixing of the subject of multiplicity of campaigns with the subject of agency reporting responsibility. I cite your lengthy exposition of one controversial situation (Lavin vs. Wallace) in conjunction with the Hamlin Report as though this case was the general practice found by Hamlin's investigations. I cite your juxtaposition of words in, for example, "The wide discrepancy (between the national *claims*, and the local *realities* in Los Angeles) arises principally from differences in allocation of costs between fund raising and public education," to imply fraudulent or dishonest reporting.

Thirdly, there is a curious bias in your article in the way you cite the major health agencies as the examples or culprits for all problems you describe. Under the heading "The Case of the Missing $58,000,000" reference was made to Hamlin's question about the reports of fifty-six national agencies, but the nine Los Angeles health agencies are listed in the same box and breath. Incidentally, the figures you cite for Los Angeles are not correct since in the instance of the Heart Association, the Social Service Department adds much of our public education costs into fund raising. You did *not* quote Hamlin for example: "Voluntary agencies—that participate in federated campaigns, for instance, frequently state their fund raising costs (as that of the united fund or community chest) to be less than five percent. . . . Furthermore, united funds and community chests do not generally include, as fund raising expenses, the cost of the time spent in these activities by member agency personnel."

Lastly, your unequivocal citation of Hamlin's two major recommendations for uniform accounting principles and a National Citizens Commission disregards the technical and fundamental questions involved. We in Los Angeles have had more experience than anyone in attempting to establish and use uniform accounting principles and it is not as simple as it sounds. Health and welfare agencies differ in purpose, functions and operations and are not easily subject to a predesigned theoretical mold. General Motors, Hoffman Electronics and the XYZ Title Company do not have the same products, operations, accounting or reporting. What is required is honesty and accuracy of accounting, not complete uniformity.

Hamlin's National Commission recommendations may serve some purpose, but has many dangers. Who gives such a group authority or competency to speak for or about hundreds and thousands of agencies? What is the responsibility of agency board of directors, national and local, relative to such a group? Is there the implication that local citizens cannot responsibly direct the policies of their own health and welfare agencies?

As a businessman and citizen interested in my community, I believe in voluntary effort at the local level to properly deal with community problems. I share with many other volunteers the responsibility for the program of the Heart Association in Los Angeles County. Our board of directors, committees, individual volunteers and staff are working together toward the conquest of heart diseases, and we are proud of the job we are doing.

EMERSON SPEAR,
Chairman, Board of Directors,
Los Angeles County Heart Assn.
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Prompted by Mr. Spear's criticism, SR's Science Editor has examined the Los Angeles situation more closely. He finds that Mr. Spear has correctly cited but incompletely described a detail that was not mentioned in Dr. Robert H. Hamlin's report for the Rockefeller Foundation* ad hoc *Committee on Voluntary Health and Welfare Agencies. This previously missing detail is that the Social Service Department of the Los Angeles city government is not willing to accept the Heart Association's definition of what constitute proper costs of fund raising. The city decided that what the Heart Association called "public education" actually was in many instances merely publicity intended to help stimulate giving.*

In 1959, the year for which Mr. Spear says SR published an erroneous fund-raising cost figure, the Heart Association originally reported a fund raising cost of $193,608 to the city. This figure was arrived at as the result of an action by the Los Angeles County Heart Association executive committee. The committee at the end of the fiscal year (6 June 1960) made an arbitrary shift of one-third of all fund raising costs to "public education" and a simultaneous shift of one-third of all "public education" costs to fund-raising. Since fund-raising costs were exceptionally high and public education costs relatively low, the effect of the double shift was to mark up "public education" and mark down fund-raising for public display purposes.

This adventure in bookkeeping was sufficiently removed from standard business accounting practice that the independent auditors who checked the Los Angeles County Heart Association books made special note of the transaction in their formal report. When the figures reached the Los Angeles Social Service Department, the financial juggle was disallowed. The city agency put all the fund raising costs back in the fund raising column and all the "public education" costs in the "public education" column. The result was that instead of the $193,608 fund-raising cost originally reported by the Los Angeles County Heart Association, the fund raising cost finally reported to the people of Los Angeles was $265,761.

The difference between the position of Mr. Spear and the position of Dr. Hamlin on this point is simple: Dr. Hamlin believes the people should judge such matters through their government; Mr. Spear says the government should accept the Heart Association's criteria.

Just as the American Cancer Society was able to claim that it met the performance standards of the National Information Bureau (see SR, Research, Jan. 6) when in fact the Bureau was not aware of a conflict of interest in management of the Massachusetts Division of the Society, so the unorthodox mathematics employed by the Los Angeles County Heart Association seems to have eluded the surveillance of an ad hoc *committee which published a report in December 1961 on the affairs of the American Heart Association. In declaring that the Association's "financial activities will bear the fullest public scrutiny," this committee left the impression that its words applied to local units of the Association throughout the country.*

Among those familiar with voluntary health and welfare agency work, there is wide agreement that Mr. Rome Betts, executive director of the American Heart Association, is one of the most progressive men in his profession. They wonder, therefore, to what degree the ad hoc *committee's appointment represented his thinking and to what extent the committee was inspired elsewhere. They question the emphasis that American Heart Association press releases have placed on the independent quality of the committee's makeup, since the committee of eight included a former president of the American Heart Association and two other members from institutions which receive research fellowship grants from the American Heart Association. The questioning undoubtedly would be muted if the report had been critical in tone, but its contents were essentially laudatory. Some quotations:*

"The American Heart Association is a truly self-governing organization. . . . It reflects . . . the belief in federalism which is characteristic of our people. . . . The Heart Association has exemplified most of the best characteristics of the voluntary agency in our society. . . . The American Heart Association has clearly come to occupy a unique position in American and world society. . . . The Association's lay participation, side-by-side with physicians in the community, may be unequalled among health groups. . . . It should not be classified as just another of a multiplicity of charitable causes. . . . The American Heart Association should remain free to reach its own conclusions . . . relying on the expert judgment of its elected, volunteer, and salaried leadership as to how it can best obtain the financial support it needs to advance its major causes."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The "Dream" by Balanchine—Orchestras

RAMBLING through the recollections roused in one not-too-extensive memory by mention of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," images recur not only from a stage presentation or two, the Max Reinhardt-William Dieterle film and the jazz version with Louis Armstrong and Butterfly McQueen, but also from the relatively recent Old Vic production with Robert Helpmann and Moira Shearer which utilized the Mendelssohn music. Ranged against them, the New York City Ballet's new production in the City Center may be described as not at all a bad "Dream," but, also not the best Balanchine.

That is, of course, only if you think —as I do—of George Balanchine as a man whose creative impulse can create clarity from confusion and touch with the quicksilver of movement the least promising of situations. In common with any choreographer who would elect to make an evening-length ballet of the immediately available, nay the inescapable materials, Balanchine faces a double dilemma: the excess of action in the Shakespeare text over the amount of music created by Mendelssohn for use incidental to it. What Balanchine found elsewhere in the Mendelssohn literature serves some subordinate purposes reasonably well. But not well enough to sustain the detailed parallels to that text (Acts II, III, and IV) which are crowded into the hour-plus first act of the ballet.

I would have preferred, sooner, the procedure he adopted in Act II, where the letter of the text (the Pyramus-Thisbe episode) is discarded in favor of a divertissement wholly suitable to the balletic idiom. Even though Jacques d'Amboise was unable to partner Violette Verdy because of an injury (his place was taken by Conrad Ludlow), this lengthy embellishment to the wedding at the court of Theseus had a substance and style which make it a likely recurrent on its own in the future. Like the action, the music (a string symphony No. 9 of Mendelssohn's precocious teens) had nothing to do with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but it suited the circumstances perfectly.

In the earlier act, during which the main happenings in the enchanted forest are depicted, Balanchine was bound, through the circumstance that much of Mendelssohn's impulse was magnetized by the fairies (in the overture and the famous scherzo) to deal generously — overgenerously, in my view—with Titania and her court. At Melissa Hayden's command as a veritable Titania were not only large fairies with large wings, but also smaller fairies with smaller wings (a stageful of children from the American Ballet School), a rather literal interpretation of Shakespeare for one of Balanchine's bent.

When this had been disposed of, real resourcefulness began to assert itself in the actions of the adults, though their tangled relationships are by no means easy to elucidate by movement alone. But there was real Balanchine quality in the endearing pas de deux of Titania in love with Bottom (Roland Vazquez wore the donkey's head eloquently), with its use of the magical "Nocturne," in the lively interplay of the artisans; in the brilliant actions of Edward Villella as Oberon, and above all in the galvanic movement for Arthur Mitchell as a dusky Puck with overtones of Ray Robinson. Here, in fact, was the one character above all others who fired Balanchine's imagination to a full-blown fusion of aptitudes and functions.

Perhaps it was asking the impossible to expect Balanchine to make clarity of line, either narrative or choreographic, of the comings and goings of Hermia and Helena, Lysander and Demetrius, with Shakespeare's music muted and Mendelssohn's (in these contexts) improvised. But that was what our esteem for him expected. Instead, one settled for astuteness in casting not merely those already mentioned, but also Patricia McBride as Hermia, Jillana as Helena, Theseus and Lysander capably performed by Francisco Moncion and Nicholas Magallanes, and Gloria Govrin as a perfect visualization of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. David Hays's scenic conception suggested more atmospheric possibilities than the execution for this stage realized, while Robert Irving's musical direction was devalued by an orchestra that was not always playing the notes by Mendelssohn at the tip of his baton.

DAVID BLUM, who is tall for twenty-six (or any other age), is also talented for the work of conducting in which he offered his credentials for the first time in a Town Hall concert. In this first of three programs, as well as those to follow, he included a Haydn symphony, wherefor the designation of his chamber group as the Esterhazy Orchestra.

The promise that these works would be from "the unknown Haydn," as D. F. Tovey phrased the numerous symphonies only recently printed, was not quite borne out by the choice of the F minor No. 49 (known as "La Passione"), which is not much played but has been recorded. It is a work of intense, ardent, far from "company" character with which the composer is commonly associated, and Blum provided for it earnest, forthright, high-minded leadership, equally sparing of musical excess or technical overemphasis. Not searching, to be sure; but with both feet on the musical highroad.

As an orchestral technician, Blum's success was greatest where the demands were the most limited—in the opening F major Divertimento of Mozart (K. 138), which is really a string quartet with multiplied parts and double bass, least in the C major Piano Concerto (K. 467) where winds and percussion included, in the latter category, the solo piano itself. This was operated with proficiency and grace by Rosina Lhevinne, whose endearing old charms are as potent this year at eighty-one as they were last year at eighty. Some of the passage playing was a mite incisive and brittle, but there was suavity as well as vigor in the total line. She also found time to guide her young associate in and out of the orchestral mazes in which the work abounds.

For the first programs of his four-week engagement as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Thomas Schippers went, alternately, his way and Zino Francescatti's in a sequence that provided the D major Suite of Bach and the B minor Symphony of Tchaikovsky on either side of the soloist's appearances. At the Saturday night concert it was the G minor Concerto of Bruch, at the others the Second (also G minor, if not quite as specifically) of Prokofiev. For whatever reasons, neither of these added much to esteem for Francescatti as other than a virtuoso. Brilliance and strength are not the answers to all the questions these works pose for a violinist.

Schippers made his strongest impression in the Tchaikovsky, which had shape, clarity of texture, and admirable orchestral discipline. His view of the work rarely related it to such a title as "Pathétique" (even less to the nickname of "Suicide" symphony by which it was known to one generation of English concertgoers). Glum, perhaps, or unhappy, but hardly more. This, at least, is an honest view preferable to postures of profundity, or simulated heartbreak.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 51)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Strongly disposed to some (usually undesirable) taste or pursuit.	43 142 172 131 62 165 3 92
B. A curved implement used to aid in donning certain articles of apparel.	111 176 135 140 22 33 182 161
C. Famous 19th-cent. London bookseller.	41 51 55 156 129 28 134 78
D. Lacking firm foundation.	42 117 31 1 74 141 7 89
E. Brought in from an external source.	157 64 112 19 9 56 173 162
F. Discarded (2 wds.).	32 26 44 164 97 36 11 119
G. Impetuous people.	54 66 148 2 127 179 79 166
H. What Samson's weapon really was.	180 168 81 67 105 75 114 46
I. Where one receives the honor in golf (3 wds.).	144 57 53 102 13 25 124 48
J. Recovers; heals; cures.	84 103 159 21 93 45 27 123
K. Ruddiness.	174 136 50 150 96 154 38 15
L. Among a certain group of objects (3 wds.).	98 171 175 120 95 30 184 24

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Copiously.	70 108 106 61 10 83 47 169
N. Destroy something which has a mass or structure.	138 177 122 59 88 113 60 100
O. Jaws, fauces, as found in animals (2 wds.)	77 4 109 145 149 85 69 128
P. More familiar way of referring to the Clinton Nat'l Laboratory, before 1948 (2 wds.) .	183 23 133 139 16 153 118 181
Q. Relatively insensitive to differences in musical sounds (comp.).	52 65 132 8 49 143 80 37
R. Ejected. (rare)	76 170 99 178 72 39 58 130
S. Said of something parted with, voluntarily or not, a while ago (comp.).	125 5 40 82 137 29 152 167
T. Forest scenery.	87 34 14 126 160 18 110 68
U. Euphemism for the more worldly side of human nature (2 wds.).	20 146 121 185 115 90 17 63
V. Railway accommodations late at night, esp. on short, commuter runs (2 wds.).	147 94 73 107 12 155 116 6
W. Sophomore at Annapolis.	163 71 86 91 104 35 101 158 151

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 D	2 G	3 A		4 O	5 S	6 V	7 D	8 Q	9 E
	10 M	11 F	12 V	13 I	14 T	15 K		16 P	17 U		18 T	19 E	20 U		21 J	22 B
23 P	24 L		25 I	26 F	27 J		28 C	29 S	30 L	31 D	32 F	33 B	34 T	35 W		36 F
37 Q	38 K	39 R	40 S		41 C	42 D	43 A	44 F	45 J	46 H	47 M	48 I	49 Q		50 K	51 C
52 Q		53 I	54 G	55 C	56 E		57 I	58 R	59 N		60 N	61 M	62 A	63 U		64 E
65 Q	66 G	67 H	68 T		69 O	70 M	71 W	72 R	73 V	74 D		75 H	76 R	77 O	78 C	
79 G	80 Q	81 H	82 S	83 M	84 J	85 O	86 W	87 T	88 N	89 D		90 U	91 W	92 A	93 J	94 V
95 L	96 K		97 F	98 L	99 R	100 N		101 W	102 I	103 J		104 W	105 H	106 M	107 V	
108 M	109 O	110 T		111 B	112 E	113 N	114 H	115 U	116 V	117 D	118 P		119 F	120 L	121 U	122 N
123 J	124 I	125 S	126 T	127 G	128 O		129 C	130 R		131 A	132 Q	133 P		134 C	135 B	136 K
137 S	138 N		139 P	140 B	141 D	142 A		143 Q	144 I	145 O	146 U		147 V	148 G	149 O	150 K
151 W	152 S		153 P	154 K	155 V	156 C	157 E	158 W	159 J		160 T	161 B	162 E		163 W	164 F
165 A		166 G	167 S	168 H	169 M		170 R	171 L	172 A	173 E	174 K		175 L	176 B	177 N	
178 R	179 G	180 H	181 P		182 B	183 P	184 L	185 U								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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